RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION TV

FEBRUARY • 25¢

ON McNEILL AND THE BREAKFAST CLUB

w pictures and stories of his family, of Patsy, Sam, Aunt Fanny, Johnny, the entire radio and TV cast!

McNeill

Fran Allison

Sam Cowling

Patsy Lee

Johnny Desmond

A softer, clearer skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

Skin that says "I do!"

This lovely Camay Bride is
MRS. JULES ALEXANDER, the former Jean Pugsley of Rochester, N. Y.

Even the color camera can't do justice to Jean Alexander's vivid coloring—her dark hair—her hazel eyes. Yet, the feature that holds your gaze is Jean's complexion. Her *first cake* of Camay gave it a new and captivating smoothness!

"Camay's a heavenly beauty soap," she exclaims. "Why, my skin grew smoother, fresher, softer with my *first cake* of Camay!"

This bride's beauty treatment can reward you, too! Your *first cake* of Camay will bring new beauty. Change to regular care...use gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Use no lesser soap than Camay—and you'll soon have a smoother, clearer skin.

Lovelier shoulders—lovelier you!

Bathe with Camay, too—give your arms and legs and shoulders Camay's gentle care. With the daily Camay Beauty Bath, you're lovelier from head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance.

Camay—all that a beauty soap should be!

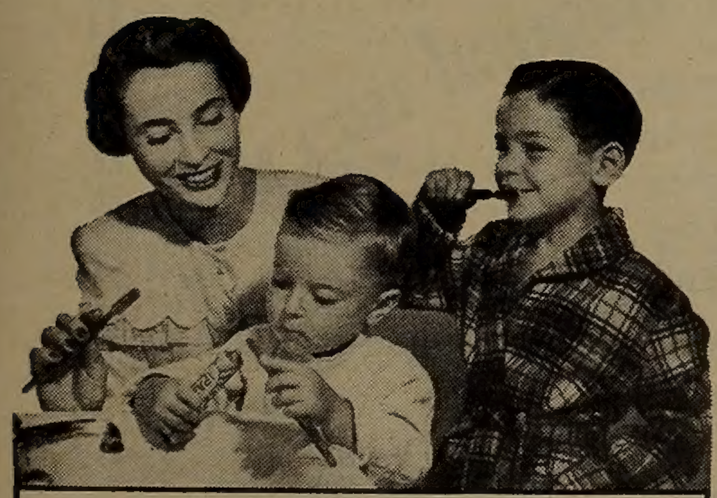
Camay's so mild—so quick with its gentle lather! And the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its luxurious best. Big and economical—that's the size of it! More rich lather—that's the beauty of it!

Camay
the Soap of Beautiful Women

You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for better all-around mouth protection.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!



Teach your children *two-way* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and gums. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

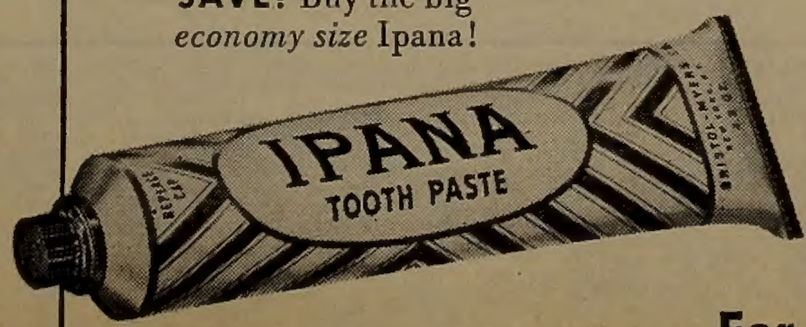
***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole* mouth *healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana now!

SAVE! Buy the big *economy size* Ipana!



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

R
M

YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS

1 stops

perspiration odor

instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

2 softens

and beautifies underarm skin

because of its *face cream* base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKESSON & ROBBINS BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

FEBRUARY, 1951

RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

There's one in every office

The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it* was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you . . . any time

How's *your* breath today? You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now . . . *without realizing it*. Halitosis may be absent one day and present the next . . . and, when it is, you are in wrong with everybody. It can nullify your other good points. Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution . . . such an *extra-careful* one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date and, lo! . . . your breath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

A number of things will relieve off-color breath *momentarily*, but Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath instantly . . . and helps keep it that way . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. No wonder it's the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath. So, to be extra-attractive, be extra-careful. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

. . . . IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

R
M

Condition it with DRENE shampoo...

The Sure way to Natural Sheen, Natural Softness

It's the most exciting beauty news in America—the wonderful Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action —and your dealer has it now!

This Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair! It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural softness, its most thrilling natural sheen!

To discover how different, how effective Drene really is, you only have to try it once! Just see how beautifully clean and soft it leaves your hair . . . how easy to manage! See how easily curls and waves fall into place . . . how they last and last!

So don't wait another day! Get a bottle of this marvelous Drene at any drug counter now—try it right away! Remember, Drene is the *only* shampoo with this Conditioning Action . . . for *all* types of hair!

You'll be thrilled at the thorough way Drene cleans your hair and scalp! Yet it's gentle, baby-mild, non-drying!

You'll be delighted to find you can skip special rinses. Drene leaves *no* dulling soap film . . . removes loose dandruff!

You'll be amazed at how quickly Drene makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly, even in the hardest water!

For ALL Types of Hair!

Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action

Patt Barnes and his daughter, Barbara—she represents the younger generation on his WJZ show.

A NEW TWIST

Patt Barnes, the genial WJZ wit who used to be known as "the man with a thousand voices," today admits, "The thousand voices stuff was really overrated. I only had about 150." As a matter of fact, the first electrical transcription ever made for radio was written, directed and had all characters acted by Patt.

During the first World War, as an enlistee from his home town of Sharon, Pennsylvania, Patt produced, wrote, directed, and played the leading role in a gigantic troop revue entitled "A Buck on Leave."

During its American tour, Patt was invited to sing over KDKA and was heard only by owners of the first ear-phone sets in Pittsburgh. Later, in 1926 and 1927, he was the first broadcaster to win both the gold and silver cups awarded by *Radio Digest.*

"As for that hitch-hiking 't' at the end of my first name," Patt says, "about eight years ago, I emceed a New York coast-to-coast revue, The Good Old Days. During the first warm-up a voice from the audience called out, 'How come the double t?' I turned around, and there on the stage was the huge banner with my name spelled wrong. I gagged about it and it drew laughs so I stood pat on Patt."

Patt's latest first, a new twist on his old format, is considered his most effective program idea. Each Friday he takes his Barnes Table to the New York landmark, Cavanagh's restaurant, on West Twenty-third Street, where he plays host to mayors of neighboring New York localities. Besides instilling community spirit into his show, this gives Gothamites an idea of life on the other side of the bridges.

1918: General Pershing with Sergeant Barnes who impersonated him in a World War I show.

SPIEGEL

SERVING AMERICAN FAMILIES SINCE 1865

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Ends Feb. 15, 1951

Now You Can SAVE THIS $1

See for yourself—without sending a penny—that you save many dollars when you shop by mail from the new Spiegel Catalog for Spring and Summer, 1951.

600 PAGES packed with vast selections of merchandise—

- women's fashions
- children's needs
- men's wear
- home furnishings
- hardware, farm and auto supplies

All dependable quality, priced low, with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back every time you order.

NEW CUSTOMERS usually pay $1 deposit for this Catalog, but now for this limited time you can save this $1!

SEE IT ON FREE TRIAL! Now, until Feb. 15, you can get this Catalog for 10 days' free trial by returning coupon. After Feb. 15 the usual $1 deposit will be required.

If you order within 10 days the Catalog is yours to keep at no cost. If not, return it to us—without obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

PLEASE SEND ME THIS BIG, NEW 1951 SPIEGEL CATALOG ON FREE TRIAL

Spiegel, Chicago 9, Illinois

Please send me the big, new Spiegel Catalog. When it comes, I will look over what you have to offer—and either place an order within 10 days, or return the Catalog.

Name_____

R.F.D. Route Number_____ R.F.D. Box Number_____

Give route & box number on rural route

Street Address_____

Post Office (Town)_____ State_____ County_____

Please specify delivery unit number, if any. V-20-14

(Note: If after 10 days' free trial, I am not ready to send an order, but still wish to keep the big Catalog, I will send you a $1 deposit, in return for which you will mail me a $1 Merchandise Certificate, good on any Spiegel mail order of $10 or more.)

LIVE

Relaxing by the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel was fun for the Vines but what they enjoyed most about their stay at the hotel was the leisurely breakfast served to them in their room every morning.

On Live Like A Millionaire, where talented parents are introduced by their children, tall, good-looking baritone Dick Vine had no difficulty winning the day's contest with his singing of "It's A Great Day." What followed as a reward was a series of great days for the Vines: accommodations at the lovely Beverly Hills Hotel, dining and dancing at elegant spots along the Strip, shopping at I. Magnin's Beverly Hills store (the Vine children were especially delighted with this part for they were allowed to wander unrestrained through the toy department) and the use of a new car for transportation. Other winnings, in addition to the usual week's interest on a million dollars, included a TV set and record player, and luggage. Dick, who has appeared in light operettas, studied music at night, hopes to become a singing star. All he needs now is that one big break.

Crawford's, Beverly Hills record store, supplied the albums for the new RCA player which Dick won for his appearance on Live Like A Millionaire. Records represent a real treasure to Dick.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P. M. EST over NBC network stations. It is sponsored by General Mills.

LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

A week's interest on a million dollars! That's what talented parents—introduced by their children—can win on this show

The Vines' own home is in the San Fernando Valley. Stephen, five, introduced his father on Live Like a Millionaire. He and Valerie, who is three, stayed with friends during parents' spree.

A new Chrysler, lent by the program, helped the Vines to get around the enormous distances that separate points in the L. A. area. Vines chose a tour of spots they rarely see in their city.

At Helen Young's Beauty Salon in Beverly Hills, Virginia, who usually does her own, was given a personal consultation on hair styles. Miss Young is stylist for such a star as Lana Turner.

Candlelight and wine and a serenade by accordionist Paul Gordo and violinist Abris Grabosky characterized the Vines' rendezvous in Little Hungary, a Strip restaurant. They also visited the famous Tail O' the Cock restaurant. Dick Vine understudied the lead in "Song of Norway." Chosen as the lead in the road company, he had to forego the opportunity because of a serious illness.

Final stop in an exciting week of living like a millionaire was a trip to the famous Mocambo. Auditions for aspiring "millionaires" are held twice a week in the NBC Hollywood studios.

Old Saddlebags—otherwise John Eisenberger—rides the radio range M-F on WBEN.

GNOME ON THE RANGE

Mention the name of Old Saddlebags in Buffalo, New York, and everyone knows you mean John Eisenberger, a tall, thin and terrific cowboy character who rides the radio range five days a week over WBEN.

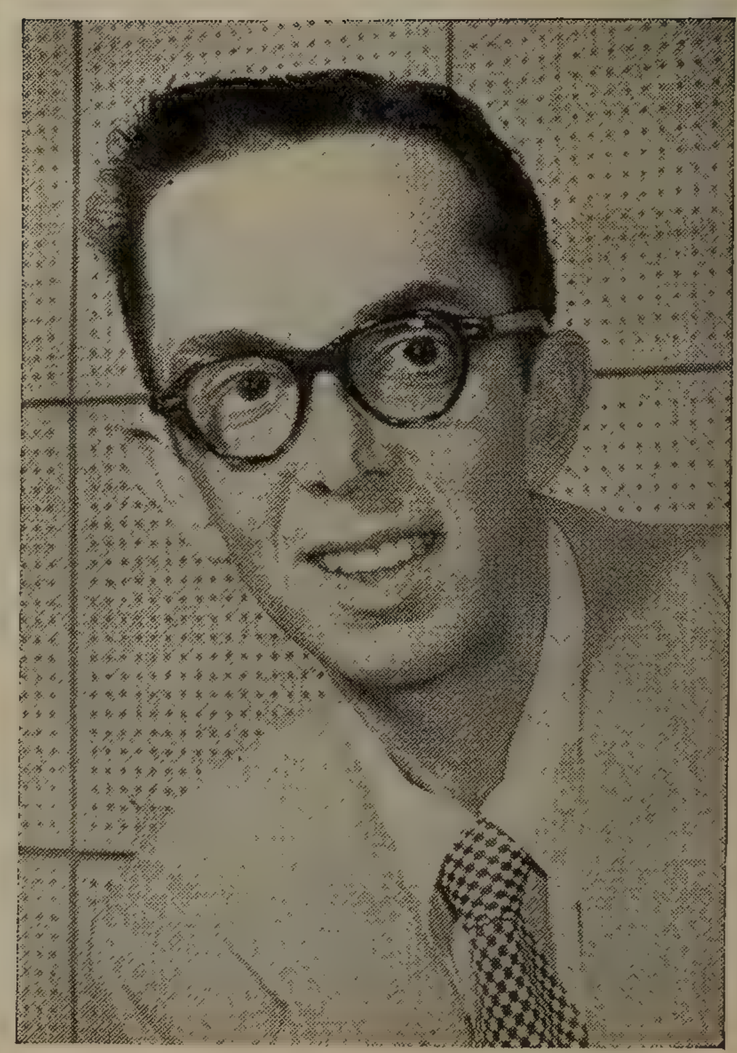
While Old Saddlebags builds his daily program on cactus-pointed remarks and sage (brush) satire, he puts the accent on western and hillbilly styled melodies.

Chronologically, John Eisenberger is in his fifteenth year in radio, having started as a member of the "High Hatters"—a trio comprised of Elmer Hattenberger, who is now a successful singer in Florida night clubs, and Bob Smith, today's TV-genius of NBC's Howdy Doody Show. That was in 1935 and the trio's greatest accomplishment was winning an amateur contest sponsored by Kate Smith and, following this, they appeared on several of her programs.

Later, Johnny and Buffalo Bob teamed up for a comedy act under the name of "Jack and Gill" and were featured on the Columbia Broadcasting System for two straight years.

John then joined Happy Felton's Finders Keepers Show on the NBC network as a combination song and dance entertainer. Eventually he joined the cast of radio's Cheer Up Gang on Mutual and remained with the show for a year-and-a-half before accepting a comedy part in a Broadway production called the "Girl from Nantucket." The show folded after a short run and Johnny returned to radio work. Just a year ago, he joined the Buffalo station.

Johnny's ambition still is to play in a successful Broadway musical, but in the meantime, he's putting all his dramatic and comic ability into portraying Old Saddlebags on WBEN Monday through Friday at noon for all cowboy-minded Buffalonians.



John as himself. Off-mike, he looks like a successful business executive.

Coming Next Month

Faye Emerson

There are at least ninety-nine reasons why you should rush right out on Friday, February 9, and buy your March copy of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR. You can be certain that we'd mention each and every reason if there were room. But here are the highlights—we think they'll be convincing enough!

First of all, you'll find an exclusive story about the Faye Emerson-Skitch Henderson romance—Faye is on the cover, too. It's a spot she shares with Mr. A. Godfrey. The story on Arthur is by Momikai, the Hawaiian singer who graces his programs.

If you've been wondering about color television—and who hasn't—you'll find a forthright and factual story on it by Harriet Van Horne, the witty and pretty radio and television critic of the New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun*. The editors of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR asked Miss Van Horne to root out the truth in the maze of controversy that has surrounded color television since its very beginnings. Extra: Watch for another new feature in the March issue. Called Who's Who In TV, it's designed to help you identify the secondary players about which many of you have asked. Everyone knows the stars, but how often have you wondered who played the villain or the cab driver or the housekeeper? Who's Who In TV will be a gallery of minor role players.

Also on hand in March: visit, in pictures, the Curt Massey home; Terry Burton, featured in the daytime serial fashions; and the bonus novel, based on an episode from Brighter Day.

The March RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR will be on your newsstands Friday, February 9.

"I fell for the same man 12 times!"

"This scene for 'The Redhead and the Cowboy' was rougher on my hands than housework. The director had me fall 12 times before he said: 'Take!'

Tugging at a horseshoe nail left my fingers raw . . .

But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion . . .

So they were lovely in romantic closeups."

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?

☐ *Lady, be seated* ☐ *Round garters*

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.

When you need a tissue, do you—

☐ *Find one handy* ☐ *Fumble with many*

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—to check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a *Kleenex* tissue. Only Kleenex serves *one at a time*—not a handful!—and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses!

How to save your glamour after peeling onions?

☐ *Try salt* ☐ *Use Kleenex*

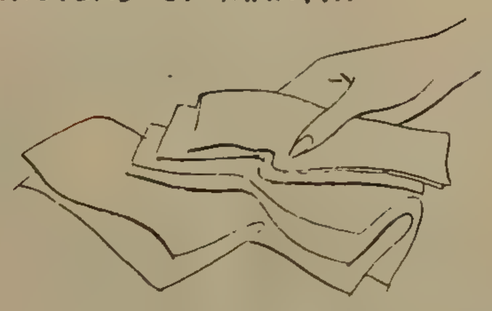
Both answers are right. Rid hands of onion odor by rubbing with dry salt . . . soothe "weepy" eyes with Kleenex! To save your complexion—after cold creaming, let soft, absorbent Kleenex gulp up the grease. (A special process keeps this sturdy tissue *extra* soft.)

FREE! Instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

Turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! *Free* instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get *your* Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-92, International Cellucotton Products Co., Chicago 11, Illinois.

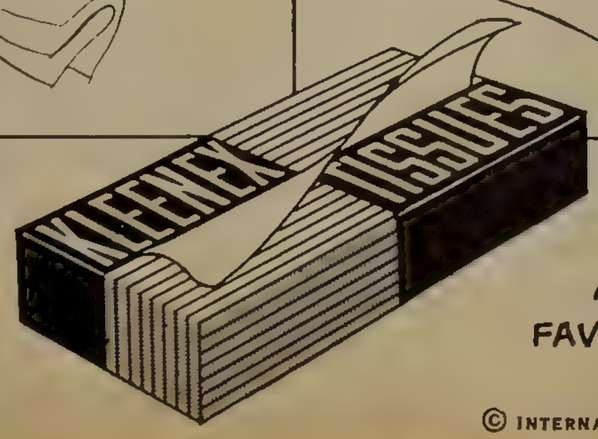
Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...

3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

TV JINGLE

Here are the names of Ed Sullivan-Sylvania tele-

Coming out from under the blizzard of entries in the TV Jingle Jamboree contest, Ed Sullivan, emcee of Toast of the Town, and the editors of RADIO *and* TELEVISION MIRROR, *finally decided on the fifteen winners. Writers of the best original last lines for the jingle and the best reasons completing the statement, "I'd like to win a television set because . . ." have been awarded prizes as follows:*

FIRST PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" console—19 inch television screen, combination radio-phonograph with mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value: $645.

Miss Marion Samuels
Metairie, Louisiana

SECOND PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with 19 inch screen. Winner had choice between mahogany or blonde cabinet. Approx. retail value: $540.

Mrs. Lucile V. Hambright
Silver Spring, Maryland

THIRD PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console model combination radio and phonograph with a 16 inch screen. Approx. retail value. $450.

Mrs. Donald L. Parker
Wooster, Ohio

FOURTH PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with a 16 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this television set: $350.

Mrs. Violet McIlveen
Houston, Texas

FIFTH PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" television console with a 16 inch screen and an open-faced mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this TV set: $310.

Mrs. W. Henry Gambill
Long Beach, California

SIXTH PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television console with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. The approximate retail value of this television set: $240.

Norbert M. Wildermuth
Lima, Ohio

SEVENTH PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" table model television set with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this set is $190.

Mrs. Mary A. Brown
Brooklyn, New York

JAMBOREE

the lucky winners of the vision and radio contest

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as the seventh prize: Sylvania "Movie Clear" table model television set with a 14 inch screen and a mahogany cabinet. Value is $190.
Mrs. Roy Ensenbach
West Bend, Wisconsin

NINTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" clock radio (color: white). Approximate retail value of this clock-radio: $35.
Mrs. W. S. Roscoe
Gibsonville, North Carolina

TENTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" clock radio (color: walnut). Approximate retail value of this set is $35.00.
Jane Couch
Omaha, Nebraska

ELEVENTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" clock radio (color: black). Approximate retail value of this set is $35.
Dan C. Reid
Audubon, New Jersey

TWELFTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" three way portable radio, AC, DC or battery. Approximate value of this radio set is $30.
Mrs. Leslie Payne
Racine, Wisconsin

THIRTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" table model radio (color: white). Approximate retail value of this radio is $18.
R. N. Baker
Hammonton, New Jersey

FOURTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" table model radio (color: walnut). Approximate retail value of this set is $18.
Mrs. Alice V. Bjorklund
Rockford, Ill.

FIFTEENTH PRIZE
Sylvania "Studio Clear" table model radio (color: black). Approximate retail value of this set is $18.
Mrs. Ellen Bragdon
Haverhill, Mass.

Tonight! Be his dream girl...

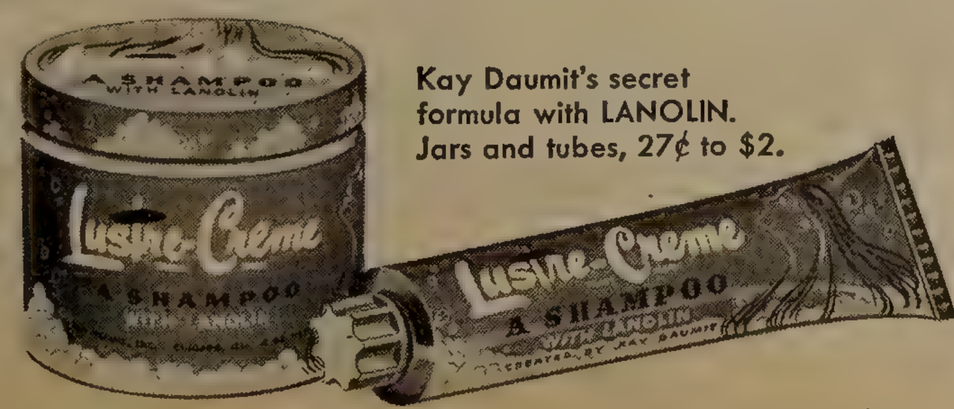
Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN OILS — **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

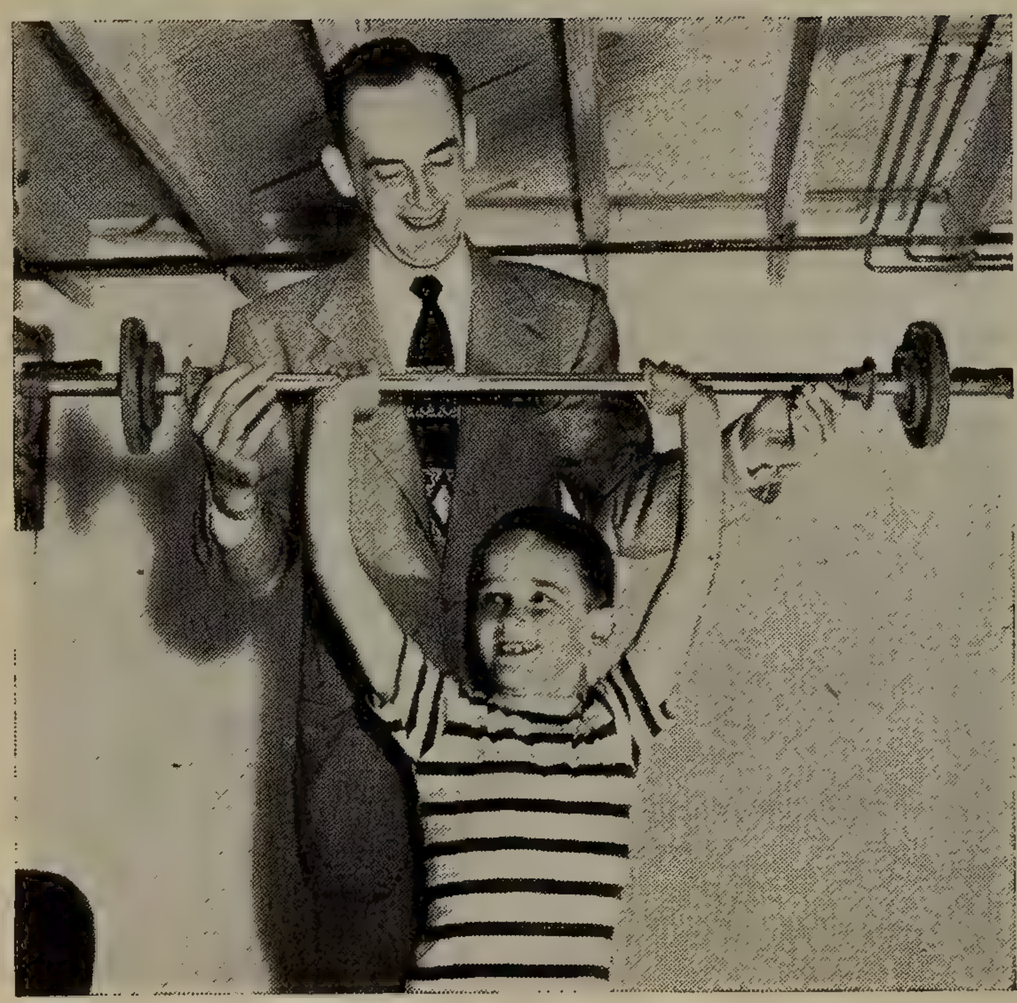
BETTER THAN LIQUIDS — **Leaves hair silken soft, manageable,** easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN . . . is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

BUGLE BOY



The musical Phillipses; in addition to other instruments, Ralph Jr. and Ralph III also are handy with the bar bells, but wife Marg sticks to piano.

Gabriel had nothing on Ralph Phillips! Ralph has trumpeted his way into a singing job on WFBR, Baltimore's Club 1300, Monday through Saturday from 1 to 2 P.M., announcing Homemaker Harmonies every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 to 11:30 A.M. as well as newscasting on that station. To Ralph these developments have been the happiest tidings since he became the father of Ralph III, nicknamed "Teddy."

There are a lot of things in the life of this six foot four inch, radio personality which seem to stem from his trumpet-playing. First of all, he came to Baltimore from Rhode Island to study the trumpet at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Ralph got a job with Dean Hudson's dance orchestra because he could play the trumpet. He became the leader of the 483rd Service Unit Band in the Army because of his knowledge of music. And, he would never have met and married Margaret, because she is a native of Baltimore, if he had not gone there to study the trumpet.

One night stands and army life have made Phillips a great home-lover. After he married Marg he decided to make a permanent home in Baltimore. That called for a steady job, so he worked into a small orchestra in a local nightclub. As a vocalist doubling in brass he got the idea for a different angle in his career. One of his fellow musicians worked on the Club 1300 radio program and he tipped Ralph off that a singing job was open at WFBR. That was how he broke into radio.

Teddy is following in his father's footsteps as far as the trumpet is concerned. He blows his battered bugle and insists that he's going to be a trumpet player someday. Wife Margaret plays the piano, so all in all the Phillipses are a very musical family. "The trouble is," says Ralph, "I haven't got much time for home musicales after I play five hours in the club and do my work at WFBR."

For a man who has a job both day and night there has to be some kind of relaxation so this is one case where the trumpet is excluded. Ralph took up weight-lifting and he is now a firm believer in physical conditioning. The sport is well suited to a man who has two jobs and very few extra hours for recreation.

The Phillips family lives in a brick-row house which is a type of structure very familiar to Baltimoreans. It is not exactly the best type of home for the neighbors of a trumpeter, but Ralph doesn't play there very often. Of course they are very proud and happy in their new home. Teddy has "what will someday be a park" across the street, and, at the moment, a lot of boards, excavations and partly built homes all around to play in.

Not so long ago a funny situation developed when Ralph had some dental work done on his front teeth. He discovered that the dental work had thrown his "blowing-technique" on the trumpet out of order. He couldn't squeeze one note out of the horn. He dashed from the nightclub to the home of his dentist and in between grinds he'd blow. It took some time "and cold sweat," but eventually the sound came out all right. Another good reason for making radio a "first" career and the trumpet a hobby.

Makes Money—and Friends Too

"Cards so attractive my friends gave their orders unhesitatingly. Am making friends in this new venture."—Mary Pasciucco, N. Y.

"Like a Friendly Call on People"

"Very profitable in dollars-and-cents, and in happiness passed on to others. It's not WORK; more like friendly call."—Mrs. Carver, Penna.

Beginner Gets 10 Orders in ½ Hour

"I received ten orders in 30 minutes. Everyone just 'ah'd' and 'oh'd' over your cards. It's going to be very enjoyable."—Rita J. Shaw, N. Y.

78 Boxes in 5 Days

"Received sample boxes on evening of 6th; sending order for 78 boxes today, the 12th. Have taken all but 12 of the orders over phone."—Etta Gaskill, Ohio.

Earnings Pay for Children's Clothes

"Couldn't afford things for my 2 boys. Extra money earned paid for more than boys needed. Now helping pay for home."—Mrs. D. Hance, Penna.

Invited to Bring Cards to Meetings

"One tells another until my business has surely grown. Church, other groups, call me to bring cards to meetings."—Lida W. Smith, Wash.

Plans a Home Card-Shop

"My customers grateful for such lovely cards; eagerly tell their friends. Planning to remodel a room in our home, as card shop."—P. Sargent, Neb.

Fine Spare-Time Profits

"While in Nurses' course I made practically all my expenses. Now graduated, but wouldn't drop card business for anything." D. Nephew, Cal.

All-Occasion Boxes

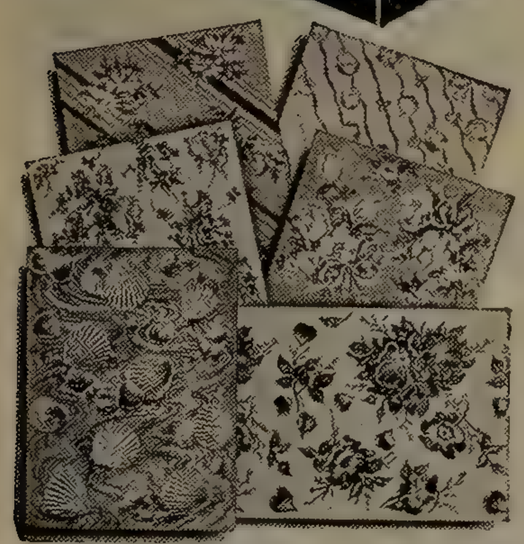
PEOPLE ALL SAY

"They're the most beautiful cards we've ever seen and such a bargain, too!" **SO IT'S NO WONDER THEY SELL ON SIGHT . . . AND**

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

MAKE GOOD MONEY

In Their Spare Time . . . Without Taking a Job or Putting in Regular Hours . . . and WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!



Artcrest Gift Wrapping; Matching Folders, Seals

"Petal Script" Stationery with Decorated Envelopes

Gift and "Thank You" Cards

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full-time—without taking a regular job or putting in regular hours! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doehla All-Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or co-workers.

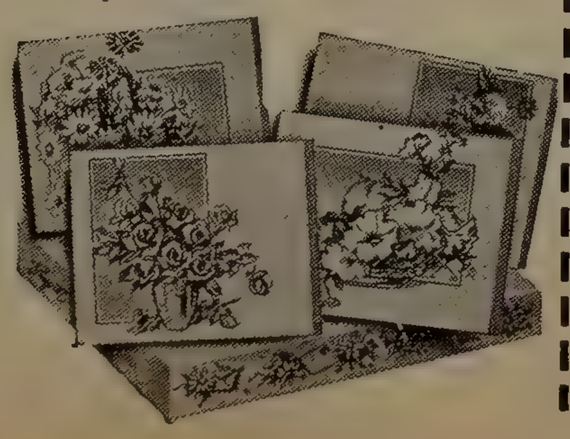
These assortments are so *exceptionally* beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box; even more on bonus orders.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups and clubs also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Not As Advertised Therein

"Bouquet" Decorated Correspondence Notes



Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Complete details about excellent profits, extra cash bonuses. Lovely sample assortments on approval. Free Samples of the new "name-imprinted stationery and napkins, and richly decorated "Petal Script" stationery.

Also FREE—New Book Telling How Any Beginner Can Make Money

If you mail the coupon now, we will also send you a free copy of our helpful new book that shows many friendly, pleasant ways for *any beginner* to make money. Mail coupon today—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—*and ask for more*—return them at *our* expense. Don't miss this opportunity to make new friends and to add *really substantial* spare-time cash to your income—mail coupon NOW. *HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio T42, Fitchburg, Mass. (or if you live west of the Rockies — mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)*

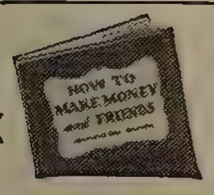
Copyright 1951, Harry Doehla & Co.

If your church . . .

club or organization can use extra money, and wants a quick easy way to raise funds all year 'round — write us, giving your name, the name and address of your church or organization, and the name of the person in charge of fund-raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doehla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kit, on approval.

Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

FREE BOOK



This valuable new book shows easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! It is filled with practical help, showing how others are finding it simple to make friends and money in this field (*without the slightest bit of previous experience*) and how *you* can, too.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio T42, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan, and extra profit-bonus offer. Also send Free Stationery Samples, and Free Book, *How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doehla Greeting Cards."*

Name.....
(Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City.....
Please state Zone No. (if any)

State.....

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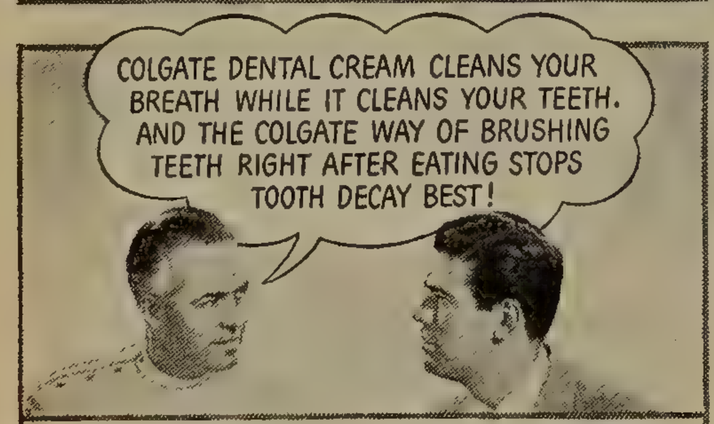


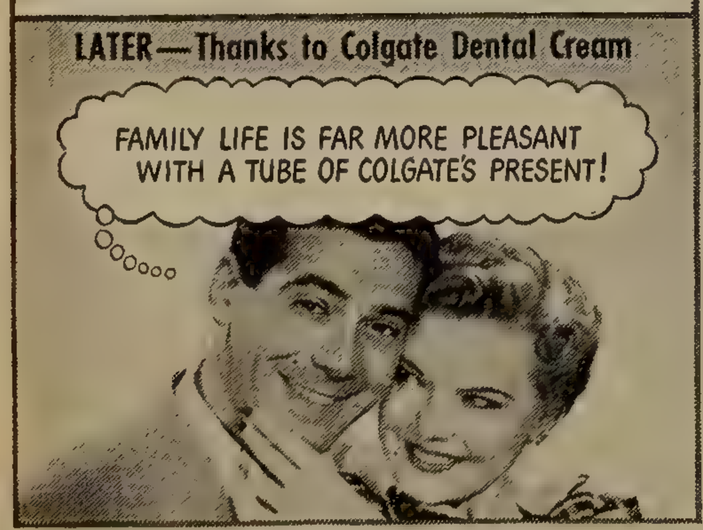
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✔ To Clean Your Breath
✔ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✔ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

COAST to COAST

Random shots from the world of radio

Bob Hope came to NBC's party for vice-president John K. West, left. Next to Bob: Mrs. Joseph H. McConnell, Mr. McConnell, NBC's president, and Mrs. Hope.

Back to the United States for some film work: Sir Laurence Olivier and his lady, Vivien Leigh, here with William Keighley for the Lux Radio Theatre's "Rebecca."

Big homecoming celebration at Ralph Edwards' birthplace in Merino, Colorado was the occasion for this first picture of the Edwards children, shown here with Ralph and Mrs. Edwards: Lauren, 4, Gary, 7, Christine, 8. Alvin Kaiser was Merino's host.

YES! NO!

WITH-OR WITHOUT RINSING—

Tide does a better washing job than any soap on earth!

Whichever way you wash — **Tide** gives you

WHITE, BRIGHT, DAZZLING CLEAN CLOTHES!

Yes, Tide lets you wash whichever way *you* prefer . . . and does a *better* washing job than any soap you can name! Tide, unlike soap, forms no sticky, dulling soap film. And Tide actually *dissolves* dirt out of the clothes . . . holds dirt *suspended* in the sudsy water! Wring out the clothes —dirt goes, too! And you hang up the kind of bright, *clean* wash that makes neighbors look twice! Try it and see! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today—there's nothing like it!

Never before **Tide** could you wash your heaviest, dirtiest clothes

SO CLEAN!

- Leaves no soap film ever!
- Miracle clean clothes—with or without rinsing!
- Dazzling white clothes—with no bleach or bluing!
- Soap-dulled colors come bright and fresh!
- Clothes dry soft—iron beautifully!
- And Tide is *safe* for all washable colors—all washable fabrics—rinse or no rinse!

"Tide gets clothes so white and clean—it's like a present every washday!"

says Mrs. Carrie Marshall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Every washday I feel like saying a big *thank you* . . . 'cause the way Tide gets clothes so white and *clean* is just like getting a present! Then I have to say another thank you on ironing day, for Tide-washed clothes dry so sweet-smelling . . . so soft and fluffy . . . *just right for ironing!*"

Are you in the know?

If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

☐ *Take a public-speaking course* ☐ *Avoid gang gatherings* ☐ *Go in for sports*

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling. Hop on a snow train—and look who's talking! *You*, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes. Once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort: downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!) And try all *3 absorbencies;* see which answers *your* needs completely.

For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

☐ *Horseshoe neckline*
☐ *Batwing sleeves*
☐ *Pleated skirts*

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't *do* something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with *built-in* shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those *flat, pressed ends* you can flaunt *any* smart new fashion—minus a single qualm!

How to straighten out a feud you started?

☐ *Make the first move*
☐ *Wait for him to call*
☐ *Try the weeping technique*

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tain't worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center*. Spares you "those" nagging cares.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ABBY LEWIS

Abby Lewis is well known to listeners as Ada Overton of Road Of Life.

Because she has acted characters in every age group from eighteen to 118, Abby Lewis has been labelled the "young woman of years." This is due not solely to Abby's exceptional voice range, but to her physical characteristics as well. A slender, fragile blonde, she has been likened to, among others, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. And she runs yet another gamut in her versatility. In Broadway's production of "Macbeth," she was the Second Witch, while in "You Can't Take It With You" besides playing the Russian duchess, she subbed for the ingenue, the ballet dancer and the actress.

In addition to her role of Ada Overton, wealthy matron on Road Of Life, Abby is heard regularly on Eternal Light, The Big Story and Storyteller's Playhouse. At this point, it is almost repetitious to point out that she portrays queens, cooks and cronies with equal ease.

Abby's one great extravagance—furs—offers a penetrating glance into her background. She explains it this way: "Furs make me feel as if I belonged to the idle rich. They help to cover up the fact that I'm a pioneer's daughter." For Abby is a direct descendant of Meriwether Lewis, of the historic Lewis and Clark Northwest Expedition. Her mother Edith, a schoolteacher and newspaper correspondent, and her father, the Reverend Hunter Lewis, were actual pioneers in their own right settling in New Mexico before it was admitted to the Union. Father Lewis, until his death a few years ago, was known throughout the Southwest as "The Padre of the Rio Grande"—favorite preacher, missionary and everyman's friend of that area.

Abby claims her childhood pastime of tagging along with her father was responsible for the vast repertory of characters she has collected, which has proved invaluable in her acting career.

It was at New Mexico State College that she decided to make acting her life work. After working in stock, she reached Broadway and radio. For ten years now Abby has averaged a broadcast a day—including Saturdays and Sundays. Abby is especially overjoyed with her role in Road Of Life—she says, "Ada's such a lovely, normal woman; I'd almost forgotten there were any such left!"

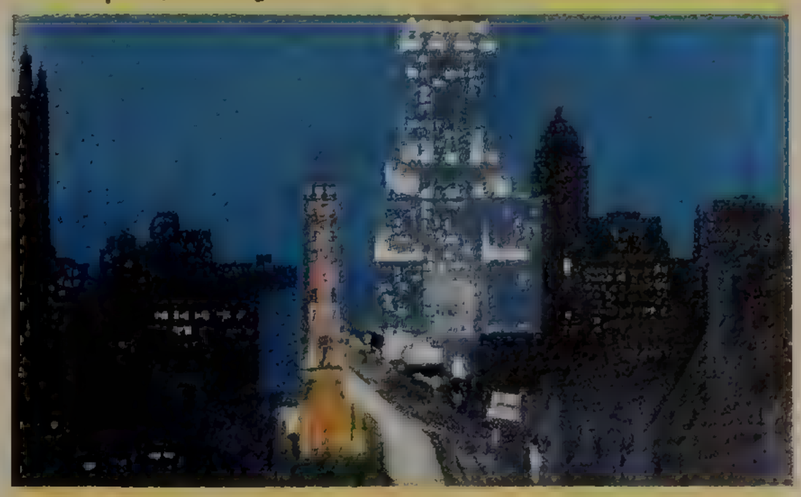
...on a Greyhound Expense-Paid

AMAZING AMERICA TOUR!

Now you can travel roads of romance to the far-away places you've dreamed about! *It costs so very little* in time and money when you take a Greyhound *Amazing America Tour* to glamorous cities, sunny Southern beaches, lively ranches and resorts, magnificent National Parks . . . almost anywhere in the 48 States, up into Canada, down to Mexico or Cuba.

These thrilling trips can be from two days to two months in length, include advance hotel reservations, transportation, sightseeing, and entertainment—all planned by experts. Look over the examples on this page—then write for full information!

OLD MEXICO—A 12-day escorted trip from San Antonio to Mexico City, Taxco, other spots; 11 nights' hotel, 19 meals. **$124.85**



CHICAGO—A low-cost visit to this Midwest Metropolis. See Michigan Avenue, Chinatown, museums; 2 nights at smart hotel. **$13.10**

FLORIDA CIRCLE—Eleven great days exploring from Jacksonville through Miami, Key West, and back; 10 nights' hotel. **$89.55**

Hundreds of Tours like these to all America

All Tours include hotel accommodations and sightseeing. For complete Tour price, simply add Greyhound round-trip fare from your home.

LOS ANGELES—CATALINA *6 Days*	$24.65
NEW YORK CITY *5 Days*	$25.05
EVERGREEN CIRCLE *3 Days from Seattle*	$21.85
COLONIAL VIRGINIA *6 Days*	$40.45
YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK *3 Days, 5 Meals*	$41.00
COLORADO SPRINGS *5 Days, 10 Meals*	$28.60
BOSTON *3 Days*	$13.75
FORT CLARK RANCH, TEXAS *7 Days, 21 Meals*	$90.00
WASHINGTON, D. C. *4 Days*	$19.75
DETROIT *3 Days*	$12.10
HAVANA, CUBA *4 Days* *(Includes round-trip fare by bus from Miami to Key West, airplane to Cuba)*	$61.00
SAN FRANCISCO *3 Days*	$11.75
KENTUCKY CAVES *3 Days, 6 Meals*	$21.10

Prices include meals only where shown. U. S. transportation tax extra. Prices are subject to change.

GREYHOUND

WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL FOLDER!

Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Madison, Chicago 2, Illinois

Please send me a free folder about the tour in which I am interested.

MY TOUR PREFERENCE: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

TS-2-51

Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and big Bath Sizes

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

R
M

DOES YOUR HUSBAND STILL LOVE YOU?

Mary Noble is the heroine of Backstage Wife, heard M-F, 4 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsor—Sterling Drugs.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters to Mary Noble in November's daytime drama problem

In November's Radio Mirror reader-listeners were asked to describe an incident in their lives which showed that their husbands loved them. Mary Noble and Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best letters from the numerous ones that had been sent in and checks have been mailed as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS and a case of Sterling Drug Products to:

Mrs. J. Chittum
of Dayton, Ohio

FIVE DOLLARS each for the ten next-best letters has been sent to:

Mrs. Wayne C. Fields
Palm Springs, California

Mrs. Earle L. Headley
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Mrs. C. D. Lee
Oakland, California

Mrs. Joe Abt
Ringle, Wisconsin

Mrs. Marvin Pickett
Bloomingdale, Indiana

Mrs. Irwin Greer
Baldwin, Kansas

Mrs. R. A. Lairgne
Providence, R. I.

Mrs. D. L. Browning
Johnson City, Tennessee

Mrs. Russell Lowes
Bradford, Maine

Mrs. R. Wright
Bridgeport, Connecticut

For his WPEN show Kal Ross brushes up on the news as wife Judy serves coffee.

KAL the CRITIC

Because he spins so few discs on the air Kal enjoys hearing his own record collection at home.

Every Monday through Saturday from 11:05 P. M. to 2:30 A. M., WPEN's Kal Ross hits the Philadelphia airwaves from the Kal Ross Lounge of the Latin Casino. Formerly the Circus Lounge, it was renamed for Kal because of the wonderful job he is doing for his sponsor.

Kal Ross is twenty-five years old and hails from New Rochelle, New York. He has made radio a part of his life, beginning at the age of eight when he played juvenile roles in Let's Pretend. Along with his radio work, he studied dramatics and got his first break in the Broadway production "The American Way," starring Fredric March. From the theater he returned to radio, until he graduated from high school.

In 1943 he entered Syracuse University where he enrolled in the School of Speech and Dramatic Arts, and it was then that he joined WOLF and WSYR as a disc jockey and part-time staff announcer. At these stations he gained sufficient experience for "big time" radio work and in 1944 he enlisted in the Maritime Service, where his talent was recognized—he narrated the Maritime show, We Deliver The Goods, for CBS.

In 1946 he returned to Syracuse University. While finishing college, Kal was associated with WNDR and WHEN-TV and became Syracuse's first television sportscaster, doing University basketball on TV for the '48-'49 season.

In 1949 he graduated and went to WPWA in Chester, Pennsylvania. Eight months ago, WPEN's Program Director, Jules Rind heard Kal on WPWA and brought him to WPEN to do part-time sports broadcasting, namely basketball and special events. Due to the excellent job he did, and because of his past experience, Ross received his own show.

As a part of his three-hour program, Kal interviews celebrities from the sports world and show business and chats informally with his listeners via telephone.

Ross is essentially a commentator, not a deejay, although he does spin about five records over a three and one-half hour span to break up the constant chatter. He reviews books, plays, motion pictures, and enjoys the reputation of "Philadelphia's friendly critic." This does not mean that Ross pulls his punches—if he is not pleased with what he is reviewing he lets his audience know, but he does so in a friendly manner.

Nonsense and

FEBRUARY . . . month of birthdays, celebrations and excuses for giving parties. . . When I was a kid in school, I'd always look at February first thing when we got a calendar for the new year. Did, or did not, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays fall on school days which would, in honor of those birthdays, become holidays instead? I always felt a warm glow toward the old boys who were, in those days, not national heroes to me but donors of school-free days. This year Lincoln's birthday comes on a Monday, Washington's on a Thursday—and I imagine that from stem to stern of the nation, small boys are giving Mr. L. and Mr. W. a vote of thanks for being so thoughtful. . . Everyone knows, of course, that in February come those two birthdays, plus St. Valentine's Day. But are you aware of more obscure anniversaries marked this month? The second, for instance, is the day on which a little fellow known as the groundhog pokes his head up out of his winter quarters, bustles right back in again—indicating another spell of cold weather—if he sees his shadow. The ninth is the 648th anniversary of the invention of the Mariners' compass. The eleventh is Daniel Boone's birthday. And the twenty-fifth (in 1836) was the day on which Colt patented the six-shooter, giving, unaware, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers their start in life.

Christopher Marlowe said it—"Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

LOVE IS ALL DEPARTMENT—

Scouting material for this month's column, I thought about St. Valentine's Day. Said I to myself, "I will consult Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and choose a suitable quote." I found out plenty about love just from the index. You'll be happy to know that love is: a cheat, strong as death, repaid with scorn, a proud and gentle thing, like the measles, the ambassador of loss, and that love must have wings and comes too late! Just bear all those things in mind, young fellow, before you pop the question.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS CORNER—

Valentine's Day Division—Seems that in medieval France and England, young people used to gather on the Eve of St. Valentine for some wholesale date-making. Each girl's name was written on a separate slip of paper and tossed into a pot. One by one, the swains filed by, and each drew a name by chance. The girl whose name was on the paper he drew became that young man's sweetheart for the year. A slipshod method, I calls it—seems to me the present system of free enterprise is sounder.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to small boy): The twenty-second of this month is George Washington's birthday. Now there's a legend that Washington once threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River. That's a pretty long throw—do you suppose it's true?

Little Boy (after careful consideration): I guess maybe it could be. My Daddy says a dollar used to go a lot farther in the old days.

Some-sense

By ART LINKLETTER

FEBRUARY 14—

Somewhat dampened by my research on love, I nevertheless looked up St. Valentine, and how his day came to be set apart for lovers. The whole thing, I'm bound to report, is pretty much a mess. Seems there were *two* saints named Valentinius who lived about the same time, whose festivals are both celebrated February 14. Which is which—which is *our* St. Valentine? Nobody seems to know. And how did his day come to be a lovers' holiday? The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: "The association of the lovers' festival with St. Valentine seems to arise from the fact that the feast of the saint falls in early Spring, and is purely accidental." Discouraging stuff for an old looker-upper like me.

Readers' Own Verse—Bright Destiny

We say the backwoods gave him brawn
And character for going on;
That splitting rails was toughening,
And poverty a God-sent thing;
That wind and rain and snow and sleet
Made his soul-training more complete,
And heart-break over red-haired Ann
Left him a greater, kindlier man—
Forgetting his immortal star
Rose over a nation from that far
Morning when Nancy Lincoln pressed
A new baby gently to her breast.

—ELAINE V. EMANS

BELLE OF THE BALL, 1900 STYLE—

My wife and I have been invited to what is labeled an "old-time" Valentine's Day party. Lois, whose bump of curiosity is well-developed, promptly began to wonder what she'd have worn to a party fifty years ago. Wondering, in Lois, leads to finding out, and here are some gems she turned up. In those days, skirts touched the ground, and topping the skirt was usually a shirtwaist—if it had lace at the bosom it was rather naughty and was termed a "peek-a-boo." Rouge was the sign of a fast woman; and even an innocent dusting of face powder just got in under the wire. A lady who crossed her legs in public was no lady. If she wasn't able to play the piano—an upright—or dance the two-step, she was a social loss. Her head was adorned by a formidable pompadour, skilfully erected over a hair-piece known as a "rat." Her middle was encased in a whaleboned atrocity called a corset, which made her impossibly tiny around the middle and, nature being what it is, rather larger—above and below. All in all, a horrendous picture, to my way of thinking. Shall we skip the party, Lois?

Abraham Lincoln said it: "Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them."

George Washington Said It—"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience."

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsor — Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Fridays at 7:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsor—Green Giants.

the NEW SHAPE *is the* NEWS

The new-shape "tulip" neckline. News because it does such lovely things for you . . . giving your face the look of a flower between two great spreading leaves.

The new-shape Modess box. News because it does such considerate things for you . . . hides your secret so discreetly. For this new shape gives the wrapped box the look of various *other* boxes . . . candy . . . stationery . . . many things. And boxes are now tactfully pre-wrapped before they even reach your store. Same number of fine Modess napkins. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

INFORMATION

Step up, ask your question;

we'll try to find the answer

PHIL COOK

STILL COOKING

Dear Editor:
Would you please tell me what has happened to Phil Cook? I used to hear him regularly and liked his show very much.

Mrs. M. F.
Timonium, Md.

Phil Cook stars in his own show Monday through Saturday at 8:15 A. M. EST on New York's WCBS only.

TRANSCRIBED ADVENTURE

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me what has become of the interesting serial, The Editor's Daughter? I am unable to find it on any station.

Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. W. C. S.

The Editor's Daughter is a transcribed program, broadcast only on certain stations and in certain localities. You'll have to check your local paper to find out whether it is heard in your vicinity.

JAMES MONKS

DAYTIMER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know the name of the actor who played Ted White on The Guiding Light. Doesn't he play Paul Ingersoll on Portia Faces Life? His voice is very familiar.

Chicago, Ill. Mrs. E. R.

He's James Monks, who is well-known to daytime serial fans. In addition to the two roles you mention, he was recently heard as Harlow Sloan on Right to Happiness.

BOOTH

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.

AIRBORNE ADVISERS

Dear Editor:
I would like to know what became of my two favorite programs, John J. Anthony and Alexander's Mediation Board. Are they still on the air?
Aurora, Ill. Mrs. M. N.

Both are still giving advice via the New York airwaves—John J. Anthony on WMGM, Mon., 8 P.M. EST, and A. L. Alexander on WOR, M-F, 10:15 P.M. EST.

FANNY BRICE

BELOVED BRAT

Dear Editor:
Can you please tell me if Baby Snooks is still heard anywhere? I enjoyed the program immensely and I would like to know something about the person who takes the part.
Conneautville, Pa. E. C.

Fanny Brice, who plays radio's beloved brat, is an ex-Ziegfeld Follies girl in her fifties. You can hear Baby Snooks misadventures on NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P. M. EST.

TICKETS, PLEASE

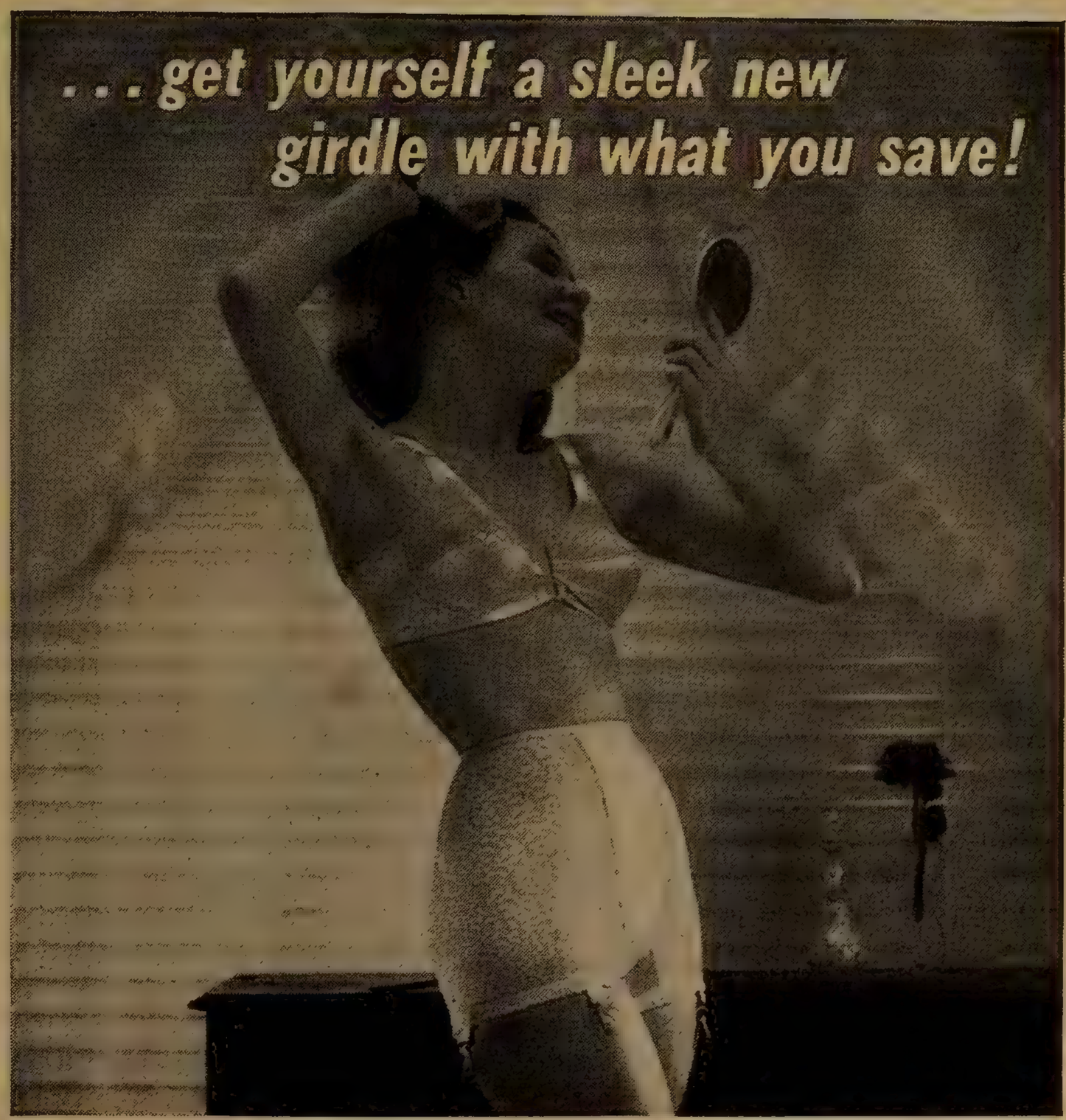
Dear Editor:
I plan to be in New York City soon and I would like to know how I can get broadcast tickets.
Rochester, N. Y. W. F.

To be sure of seeing the shows you want, contact the networks well in advance of your arrival at the following addresses: ABC and NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; MBS, 1440 Broadway; CBS, 485 Madison Ave.

NOW

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!



YOU GET ENOUGH Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month every time you buy a Thrift-Pak. You get *two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30¢. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as $3 or more!

You're *sure* of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath**
  ("Listerine" means breath control!)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that $3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

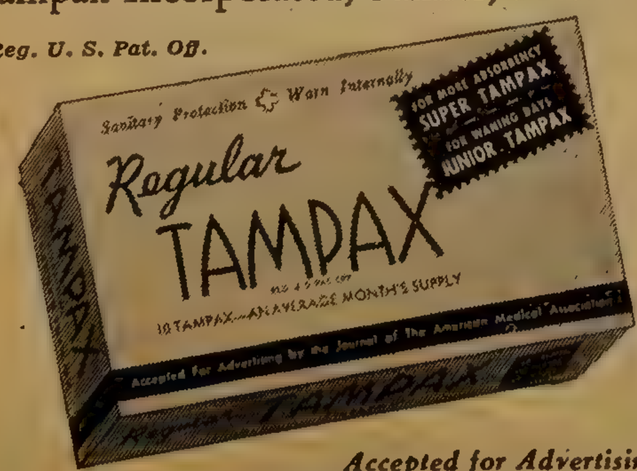
We women are a lucky lot

How fortunate we modern women really are! All the benefits of science. All the advantages of professional skill and education. No wonder we grow more broad-minded and the prejudices of the Past disappear.... That's why we have been ready to welcome *Tampax**—that revolutionary method of monthly sanitary protection invented by a physician to be worn internally.

What and why is Tampax? For years women have been irked by the bulk and discomfort of the external pad and the pins and belts that support it. Tampax came along just at the right time—no larger than your finger, no supports whatever, no odor or chafing, nothing to make ridges under clothing. You can't even feel the Tampax when in place!

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in smooth, slender applicators for efficient insertion. Millions of women, married and single, are using Tampax now. Easily disposable. Month's supply fits in purse. At drug and notion counters in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TRAVELER OF THE

Sixty-year-old Hazel Dannecker visited Welcome Travelers in the course of a trip to publicize her recent book. Her first was written at fifty-seven.

Mrs. Hazel Dannecker of Newcastle, Indiana, is a childless widow who's made a career of children. And if anybody should tell you that the world won't give jobs to elderly people just refer them to Mrs. Dannecker, who started making a comfortable living, doing work she loved, at the age of fifty-seven.

Mrs. Dannecker is a writer of children's books. Her first book, *Fisherman Simms,* was published three years ago when she was fifty-seven and she was on an autographing tour to publicize her second book, *Happy, Hero and Judge,* when she stopped at our Welcome Travelers broadcast in the College Inn Porterhouse of Chicago's Hotel Sherman.

Mrs. Dannecker had married when she was seventeen years old and a junior in high school. She left school for the joys of home and family—in her case, I think, family particularly. She loved children.

Her husband became an invalid shortly after their marriage and it took all the money the Danneckers had to care for the seriously-ill Mr. Dannecker. After forty years of invalidism and pain, broken by brief periods of relief between operations, Mr. Dannecker died, leaving his widow with little besides their Newcastle home.

Mrs. Dannecker had to make a living for herself. She had worked as a children's librarian early in her husband's illness, but had been forced to give up the job to care for him. During her fifteen years as a children's librarian, she had inaugurated a story hour and had delighted the youngsters with her original stories.

With a need for money pressing, she remembered those children's stories and started putting them on paper. Gradually, she began to sell a few of them to magazines, although, as she said, she "collected enough rejection slips to paper a house."

With the publication of her first book, Mrs. Dannecker was on her way, and she's been going full-speed ahead ever since. She does a weekly story program for children over a local radio station, writes a column for a Newcastle newspaper and serves as society reporter for the same publication. Her children's short stories find a ready market in children's magazines.

"I never have any trouble making contact with youngsters," she says. "We seem to understand each other. I love them; and they seem to get along fine with me."

She's been giving expression to her love of children all her adult life, not only through her work as chil-

Tommy Bartlett emcees Welcome Travelers, Monday-Friday, 10 A.M. EST on NBC.

MONTH

By

TOMMY BARTLETT

The life story of

Hazel Dannecker is one

of success in the

face of great obstacles

dren's librarian and writer of children's stories, but also as a Sunday-school teacher. At an age when most women have forgotten about such things, Mrs. Dannecker serves on the Girl Scout Council of her community. Besides her air stories, she does a couple of "live" children's story programs every week. No matter how busy she happens to be, she always has time to lend a sympathetic ear to children's problems.

And Mrs. Dannecker is busy—really busy—make no mistake about that. Her reportorial duties would keep most women more than occupied. Her writing career would fill the waking hours of most authors. Mrs. Dannecker also sings in the church choir and holds several church offices. She belongs to several clubs and, on top of everything else, she keeps up her home.

Mrs. Dannecker has been successful with her writing, but her disinterest in money is genuine. "Money quit meaning much to me after ours had gone in medical expenses," she told me. "Today, I'm rich beyond measure in good friends. Nothing can take them away from me." And today, instead of having no children at all, she now finds herself with children all over the country—children who have read her books and love her for them.

Show's sponsor is Procter and Gamble.

She thought her face was clean...

Until *she took the "tissue test"!*

The "Tissue Test" convinced Virginia Mayo, co-star of Warner Bros.' "Captain Horatio Hornblower" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

We asked her to clean her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Listen in on February 12th!

The Lux Radio Theatre's

presentation of

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR MOTION PICTURE FOR 1950

WINNER OF **PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award**

★ Monday, February 12th, America's favorite picture of 1950 will be presented by the Lux Radio Theatre with its original star cast. A year long, nation-wide poll conducted by PHOTOPLAY Magazine has established this great picture as the top favorite of American audiences.

The name and star of the winning picture must be secret until March PHOTOPLAY goes on sale February 9th. In that issue, PHOTOPLAY will announce the top ten pictures of 1950 and the names of the ten most popular actors and actresses. We'll tell you also how *you*, America's moviegoers, select the actors, actresses and films which win PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards. Be sure to reserve your copy of March PHOTOPLAY now!

TUNE IN Monday night, February 12th, to the Lux Radio Theatre for the radio presentation of the outstanding motion picture of 1950. Columbia network Coast-to-Coast. See your paper for time and station.

R
M

memo: to AMATEURS
from: TED MACK
subject: HOW TO WIN!

Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour: Thurs. 9 P.M. EST, ABC; on TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST. NBC-TV. Sponsored by Old Golds.

Perhaps your letter is among the thousands that reach our New York office. You are excited, impatient to get started in your career as an entertainer. The biggest, oldest auditioning program in the world, our Original Amateur Hour, has heard and seen over half a million different artists who dream of Broadway, Radio City and Hollywood. Our aim is to help make your dream come true.

If you pass our audition, you will be seen and heard on radio and television by millions of people. If the radio audience responds well, you go out in a unit and begin the first, real phase of your professional career. And if you're among the three top winners in June, you win a cash scholarship to further your talents.

But in the letters received at our New York office we know that you have many different questions and problems concerned with the Original Amateur Hour and show business in general. In this memo, I hope to take these questions one by one, and answer them honestly and fully.

First, <u>How does a person know whether she or her child is good enough to audition?</u>

You know in your heart that show business is your life or believe it to be the destiny of your child. But are you ready? The best way to find out is from a professional teacher. Knowing the capabilities and progress of a student, the teacher can determine when you're ready to get behind footlights. Often he can save heartaches by delaying an audition until you are fully prepared. But this is not the only way. (Continued on page 90)

Carol says that her parents believe in sharing their lives with their daughters. With mother, it means sharing clothes, too! Carol and Barbara, who can wear Mrs. Young's size, wholeheartedly agree with that idea!

LIFE WITH MY FATHER

A man with four daughters may know best about everything. But when does he get a chance to prove it? Often—*if* his name is Robert Young!

By CAROL YOUNG

In the music room: Barba

My father, Robert Young, plays the head of a family on his radio program, Father Knows Best. In case you wonder if he had any previous experience for such a role, the answer is yes. We Youngs number six, and Daddy's the only male member. If that isn't training for a head-of-the-family part, I'd like someone to show me better!

Of four Young daughters, I'm the eldest—seventeen. Barbara comes next. She's thirteen. Then there's Betty Lou, who's eight. Our little Kathy is four. Because our mother is very young-looking and wears the same size-twelve dresses I do, people sometimes get her confused with the rest of us girls. Poor Daddy! *He* provides the only masculine slant in our feminine world. It's no wonder that we're always rushing to him for the benefit of his man's-eye-view of the current crisis—and of course in any family in which there are five women, there's always some kind of crisis!

Daddy is our authority on what boys like and dislike about girls clothes, make-up and social behavior. We have long discussions about those important subjects at our Friday night dinners together. You see, Friday night is kids' night at our house. That's the time we have our father all to ourselves. It's a night we look

Father Knows Best, with Robert Young, is heard Thurs.

and Carol improvise on the two uprights, Kathy plays her "baby" baby grand; Betty Lou, Mother and Father try to refrain from kibitzing.

forward to, all week. We've come up with some pretty nifty problems for Daddy to solve, and he's never failed us yet.

After dinner we sit around the fire and crack walnuts, and Barbara and I bring up the subject of dating. Barbara is a bit young for twosome dates yet, but she loves to have her crowd over for informal parties where they can make up their own sandwich combinations, and toast marshmallows in the fireplace. I've been dating for the past two years, when I'm home on vacation from Bishop's School, at La Jolla.

It was this conflict of our blossoming social life and our usual vacation plans that turned into one of our family problems last summer. Every year since Daddy bought us a ranch in Carmel Valley, we've gone up there for the summer to ride our horses and to pitch in with the farm chores and to help with the cooking. But last summer, Daddy realized I was growing up. He wondered if it would be fair to me to drag me away from all my friends in Beverly Hills, because I'd surely miss out on some super parties and dates while we were away.

To settle this problem, we held one of our Friday night council sessions, and (*Continued on page* 97)

"Such

The Goldbergs, with Gertrude Berg as Molly Goldberg, is on Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST on CBS-TV. Sponsored by Sanka Coffee

Tremont Avenue, The Bronx may be worlds apart from Park Avenue, Manhattan. But there's no such division between Molly Goldberg and her creator—they're one and inseparable!

a good person!"

By FANNY MERRILL

It's been twenty-one years since I first met Molly Goldberg. I'm greyer now and a little bit heavier. Molly is, too. But then she wears her avoirdupois like some women wear mink.

Before I go any further, I think you ought to know that there are two Mollys: there's Molly Goldberg of Tremont Avenue, The Bronx, whom you see on television. Then there's her creator, Gertrude Berg, of Park Avenue. Judging by your letters, there are countless other Mollys—women you know who are as lovable and loving as Molly.

But to get to know my two Mollys, you'll have to know a little about me, too, for I've been a part of the Goldberg story almost from the beginning. I've been called the walking, talking and writing archives of Molly. Oddly enough, I never was hired for the job I've held all these years. It just happened.

At the time, my son, Howard, was playing the title role in the radio version of Penrod at NBC. One afternoon he came home from a broadcast virtually exploding with news.

"You should have seen this woman, Mother!" he exclaimed. "She's the greatest actress I ever saw in my life. She was *wonderful!* She had the director and and the rest of the cast watching her every motion. Too bad you missed it."

There was nothing I could do the next day but go over to the studios, which were then at 711 Fifth Avenue, and see this marvel. She turned out to be a dark, plump young woman who was playing "Mrs. Cohen" in the Penrod series. It was a bit part and it ran for only a week but the actress' (*Continued on page* 80)

Fanny Merrill, who has been Mrs. Berg's girl everyday for over twenty-one years, writes of her boss.

25 QUIZ QUESTIONS

Your almanac, your atlas, your encyclopedia will help you to think of questions such as these

TAKE A NUMBER

Questions one, two and three are all from Take A Number, heard on Mutual stations at Sat. 8:30 P.M.EST. Quizmaster, Red Benson. On this program, no one loses; questions are submitted by listeners and if the contestant misses, prizes go to the person submitting the question.

1. THIS WON $12,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION: What is the age requirement for members of the United States Supreme Court? (a) over 30; (b) over 40; (c) no definite requirement.

2. THIS WON $11,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION: What is the country on the border of Greece where no female is allowed?

3. THIS WON $11,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION: What is the actual meaning of the prefix, *tele*, in the words telephone, telegraph and television?

BREAK THE BANK

Questions four through thirteen are all from Break The Bank, heard on NBC, M-F, 11 A.M. EST; on NBC-TV Wed. 10 P.M. EST. Quizmasters Bud Collyer and Bert Parks. On BTB, contestants are asked eight questions which get progressively harder. They must answer all correctly to try for the jackpot question, which, if answered correctly, breaks the bank.

4. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $9,020

QUESTION: "Summer Holiday," which stars Mickey Rooney and Marilyn Maxwell, is adapted from a comedy which was a hit on Broadway fifteen years ago. Can you give me the title of that comedy hit?

5. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $8,870

QUESTION: A U. S. B-50 Superfortress completed the first non-stop around the world flight on March 2, 1949. The bomber covered 23,452 miles in 94 hours and one minute, at an average speed of 249 miles per hour. This plane had an unusual name that made headlines. Can you give me the name?

6. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $7,500

QUESTION: Here is a man named Sam, who was a great journalist on the staff of *The New York Sun* and *McClure's Magazine*. He wrote such famous works as *The Great American Fraud*, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, and *The Harvey Girls*. I want his full name.

7. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $7,440

QUESTION: A famous author wrote *Over The Teacups* at the age of seventy-nine. His son was a famous Supreme Court Justice. Who was this great writer?

8. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,790

QUESTION: In Louisa M. Alcott's famous novel, *Little Women*, the first names of the four sisters are Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. What is their family name? It is the same as one of the months of the year.

9. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,620

QUESTION: This tall, thin fellow was a star first baseman for the New York Giants back in the days when John McGraw was manager. He played first base for the Giants from 1919 to 1926 and was affectionately known as "Long George" and "High Pockets." Who is this lanky baseball star?

10. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,520

QUESTION: What is the name of the first movie in which Clark Gable played a leading role? (It came out in 1931, and his leading lady was Joan Crawford.)

11. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,300

QUESTION: A hit movie, "Babes in Arms," starred two young Hollywood stars in leading roles. Can you name the male and female stars of this movie?

12. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,220

QUESTION: American oil companies have oil wells and refineries in the extensive oil fields surrounding Lake Maracaibo. In what country is Lake Maracaibo?

13. THIS BROKE THE BANK FOR $5,100

QUESTION: What is the name of the President of the United States whose favorite pastime was speech making? In a talk to the Home Market Club of Boston in 1920, before he became president, he said, "America's present need is not heroics but healing, not nostrums but normalcy." In "normalcy" he coined a word which was used in a slogan, "Back to Normalcy," that later helped elect him president. Name that president.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

Questions fourteen and fifteen are from Chance of a Lifetime, ABC-TV, Wed. 7:30 P.M. EST; Quizmaster, John Reed King. The big prizes on Chance of a Lifetime are based on descriptions in verse of a famous person. A stanza is added weekly. Contestants are contacted by phone.

14. THIS VERSE WON $5,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION:

She kept a diary from the time she was seven
And wrote many times that music was her heaven.
She loved to sing with a voice light and airy.
I'll give you a clue—her first name is Mary.
She began her career on a radio show,
And is now twenty-six, I want you to know.
Her home is on the eastern seaboard.
Her father likes to accompany her on the keyboard.
Who is she?

15. THIS VERSE WON $5,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION:

I raised three boys in my nine hundred years.
The sound of my name will strike home to your ears.
My first wife was jealous, and that was bad.
My second wife was curious, and that was sad.
I once sought advice from a slimy critter,
Then reached for a fruit that made life bitter.
Who is he?

THAT WON A FORTUNE

which stumped contestants; your general knowledge, if you're lucky, will supply you with the answers

TRUE OR FALSE

Question sixteen is from True Or False, which is heard on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company on Saturdays, 5 P.M. EST. Quizmaster, Eddie Dunn. On True Or False, the contestant, who is chosen from the studio audience, must score one hundred per cent on five preliminary questions in order to qualify for the jackpot. He then selects the name of one of the famous personalities which are listed on the blackboard on the stage, and then must answer correctly five true or false questions about that famous personality to win.

16. THIS SERIES WON $3,500 IN PRIZES

Subject: Herbert Hoover. QUESTIONS: (a) Herbert Hoover was 32nd President of the U. S.—true or false? (b) Is it true or false that his entrance examination marks for Leland Stanford University were so high he was given a scholarship? (c) During World War I he gave up all his executive positions with industrial firms to administer relief in England, Germany and France—true or false? (d) He was Secretary of Commerce under President Harding—true or false? (e) He strongly advised against recognition of the new Russian government after World War I—true or false?

DOCTOR I. Q.

Questions seventeen and eighteen are from Dr. I.Q., which was last heard on stations of the American Broadcasting Company, and is currently off the air. Quizmaster of Dr. I.Q. is Lew Valentine. The big cash prizes on Dr. I.Q. are won on the "Famous Quotation" and the "Right and Wrong" series. There are a variety of questions of both types on this program. Both of the questions that are printed below are Famous Quotations.

17. IDENTIFICATION OF THIS QUOTATION WON $3,100

QUESTION: Who was the author of this famous quote—"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

18. IDENTIFICATION OF THIS QUOTATION WON $2,300

QUESTION: Identify the author of this quote—"Go west, young man, and grow up with the country."

(From True or False)

19. THIS SERIES WON $2,235 IN PRIZES

Subject: Secretary of State Dean Acheson. QUESTIONS: (a) He was born in Connecticut—true or false? (b) He was in the U. S. Navy during war time—true or false? (c) He was appointed Secretary of State on the resignation of Cordell Hull—true or false? (d) He received a Master of Arts degree from Yale University in 1936—true or false? (e) He was the fiftieth American to hold the office of Secretary of State—true or false?

THE BOB HAWK SHOW

The twentieth question is from The Bob Hawk Show which is heard on CBS stations at Mon. 10:30 P.M. EST; Quizmaster, Bob Hawk. On this quiz program, the lucky contestants who answer the five preliminary questions correctly become eligible for the jackpot. Ninety seconds is the time limit that is allowed to each contestant for the answer.

20. THIS WON $2,000

QUESTION: Give me five words beginning with the successive letters L-E-M-A-C, and ending with the suffix "ism."

(From Take A Number)

21. THIS WON $2,000 IN PRIZES

QUESTION: Kangaroos carry their young in their pouch. Can you tell me the approximate size of a kangaroo when born? (a) The size of a full-grown cat; (b) the size of a full-grown squirrel; (c) smaller than a mouse.

Question twenty-two is from Chance of a Lifetime, which is off the air at present. Quizmaster, John Reed King. On this program, participants select three letters of the alphabet from a board. The combination rings a bell or sounds a buzzer. The buzzer questions are worth one hundred dollars or more, but the bell questions are worth five hundred or more.

22. THIS WON AN $1800 PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE

QUESTION: Give me the name of the movie series that had the greatest number of different leading actors play the starring role?

(Questions twenty-three-four-and-five are from the Bob Hawk Show)

23. THIS WON $1,500

QUESTION: In the Louvre in Paris hangs one of the most famous paintings of all time. It is the painting of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo. You are to give me the name of this renowned painting and the name of the artist, which together contain all the letters L-E-M-A-C.

24. THIS WON $1,500

QUESTION: This Lemac requires just one answer. Your answer should be an eleven-letter word that contains all the letters L-E-M-A-C. This is the exact definition as found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary: "To enroll, to enter in a register; to enter or admit to membership in a body or society, particularly in a college or university, by entering the name in the register." What is the word?

25. THIS WON $1,250

QUESTION: For each letter: L, E, M, A and C, name any city, town, county or village in the United States prefaced by the word Saint.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87 FOR ANSWERS ➤

The kind of life of which she dreamed was to be quiet and stable and centered around the home. Must it, she wondered, remain merely a dream?

As governor-elect of the state, Miles Nelson has to devote an inordinate amount of time to his business affairs; when he takes office, Carolyn realizes, he will have to devote even more. And what, then, can Carolyn expect in the way of a home life—so long needed—for herself and for Skippy? If, now, he can give to her and Skippy only such scraps of his time as are left over when duties are done, will he have any time at all for them later? Can there be happiness in such a marriage? Can Carolyn have the quiet kind of happiness that she so passionately desires for herself and her son, if she marries Miles Nelson?

Most important to Carolyn at the moment is the distressing behavior problems of Skippy, her little boy. The years during which Carolyn struggled to obtain full custody of the boy from her ex-husband, Dwight Kramer, may have, she fears, left Skippy with a deep sense of insecurity. Carolyn knows that time, plus security, will make things right for Skippy again—but will marriage to Miles give Carolyn the kind of home she needs in which to build up that security for Skippy? Or will Miles be so wedded to his important job that theirs will be a home without the companionship and the love that will spell security to the little boy?

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question: "Can You Have A Happy Marriage If Your Husband Is Wedded to His Work?" Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next-best answers will be paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Carolyn Kramer, c/o RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than February 1, 1951 and have this notice enclosed.

Carolyn Kramer asks:

CAN YOU HAVE A HAPPY MARRIAGE IF

Aware of the widening gulf between herself and Miles Nelson, Carolyn wonders how to cope with this new problem that she faces.

YOUR HUSBAND IS WEDDED TO HIS WORK?

The Right To Happiness is heard M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsored by Procter & Gamble's Ivory Soap and Duz.

THE MAN BEHIND

"You have to be curious about something," says Bret. "Then you study it till you learn the fundamentals, and use common sense about applying what you learn. Then you work at it till you can't possibly do better."

The Shadow is one of radio's more improbable characters. In case you are not among the millions who listen to him every Sunday afternoon on the Mutual network, he can seem to be invisible to his enemies by using mental telepathy, and he is sure-fire at bringing the guilty to punishment. His trademark is an eerie laugh that sends shivers down your spine.

When not terrifying evil-doers by talking to them, although they can't see him, he is "Lamont Cranston," suave and wealthy young man about town, who picked up that handy mastery of mental telepathy while travelling in India.

Bret Morrison, young, blond and good looking, who is heard as The Shadow, is also improbable—because he does so many things so well that he could make a career of any one of them, yet is so modest about his talents.

"Gifts," he calls them. "I'm lucky enough to have several gifts, and I like to use them. I believe anybody can do anything if he really wants to," he goes on, elaborating on his favorite theme. "You have to be curious about something—I always am, about everything. Then you study it till you learn the fundamentals, and use common sense about applying what you learn. Then you work at it till you can't possibly do it any better."

The living room of his duplex apartment, overlooking Central Park, is the result of one of his gifts, a talent for interior decoration. It looks like

The Shadow is heard at 5 P.M. EST on Sundays over MBS.

THE Shadow

Bret Morrison is a man who can do almost everything. But he's most famous for that eerie laugh you hear every Sunday afternoon

By INEZ GERHARD

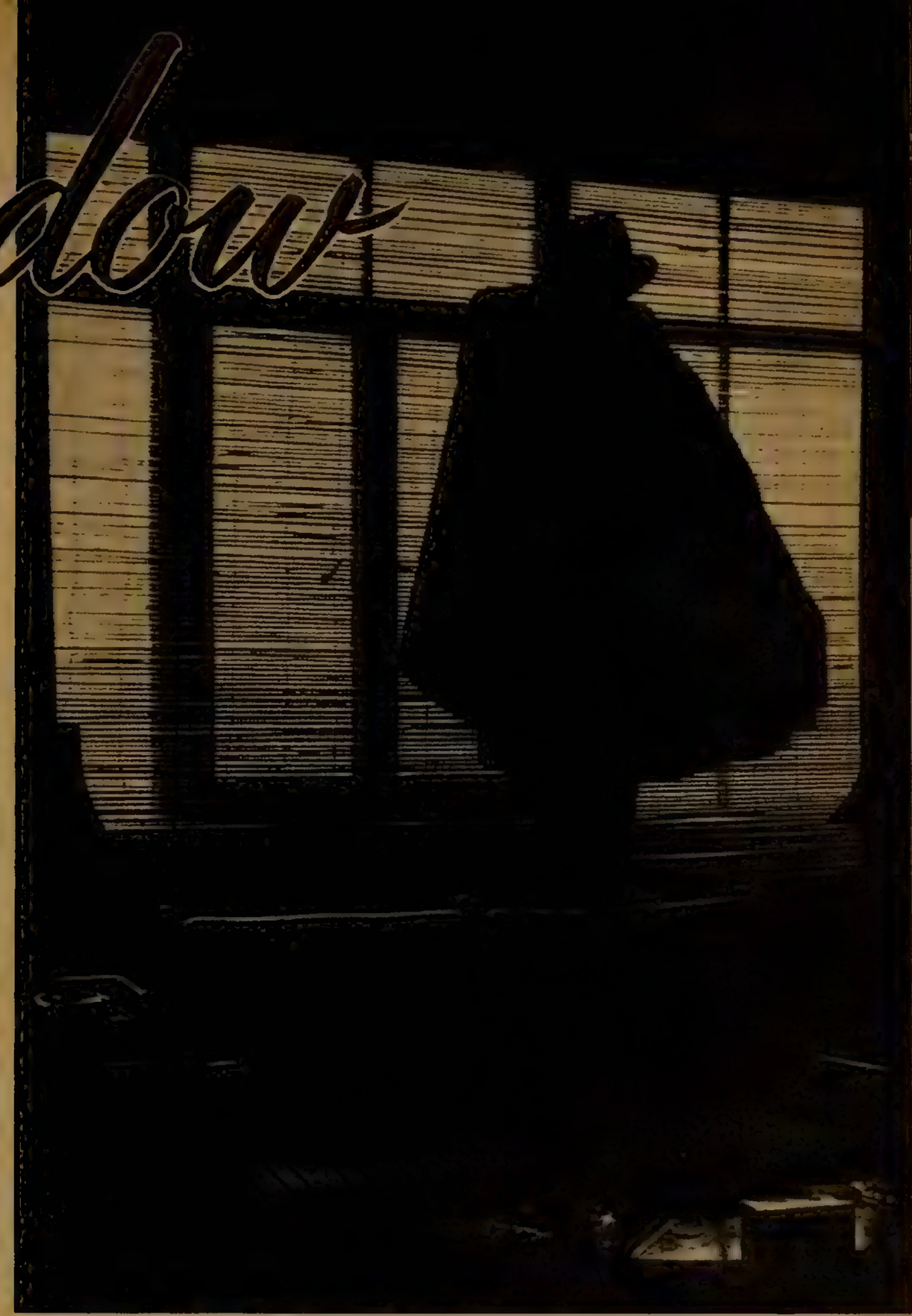
Bret's Siamese cat, Tobey, has the run of the apartment and likes to beg bits at the dinner table.

a home first and, at second glance, a beautiful room that had been expertly designed and furnished.

On the deep red rug, comfortable chairs—upholstered in fabrics striped in lime and wine color and leaf green—are grouped near small tables. Behind a divan a large window, curtained in lime color, frames a view of the park. There are book cases, a record player and radio, a grand piano, so placed that it's obviously for use and not merely a decorative piece of furniture.

Against the white walls exquisite little, ancient, Chinese figurines stand on brackets; others are on the mantel of the mirror-bordered fireplace.

"I think they fit in with the 18th Century French furniture," Bret tells you, (*Continued on page* 95)



This is how Bret looks in the imaginations of Shadow fans. Below, Bret, who lives alone in an eight room Manhattan apartment, examines his collection of old mustache cups.

The furnace needs tending, but a call to Nels goes unheeded. "I don't know what's got into that boy lately," says Mama.

MAMA

AND THE MOVIES

"But most of all, when I think back on those days—most of all, I remember Mama!" In fondly recalling life in San Francisco in the early 1900's, Katrin Hansen doesn't neglect memories of her papa or her brother Nels or her little sister Dagmar. But it was the wise and sympathetic Mama whose influence was most keenly felt in the happy home on Steiner Street and—through indirection—in other homes. There was the time, for instance, when Mama saved the church organist, Miss Wilcox, from expulsion. Some of the parishioners thought it was indecent that Miss Wilcox had a side job as pianist in the Bijou Dreamland, the local movie house. Miss Wilcox needed this extra income if she and her fiance were to marry. But the parish busybodies thought movies were an unhealthy influence ("people go blind from watching them; all actresses are hussies") and that no one connected with them should be connected with the church. Miss Wilcox's secret side employment was inadvertently exposed by Nels, who spent a great deal of his own unaccounted for time in the depths of the Bijou. It was Mama who found a way to quell the busybodies' objections and to save Miss Wilcox's two jobs. This episode from Mama was posed especially for the readers of Radio and Television Mirror.

Pretending to be electric company representatives, Dagmar and her friends have fun telling people to blow out lights.

They cost only a nickel then, but some people

Katrin thinks her brother shaves too often, wonders aloud why he wears his good suit if he is merely going to library.

Nels doesn't let on that he is going to the Bijou to see his favorite actress' new movie—for about the tenth time.

After performance, Nels runs into Miss Wilcox the church organist; finds out she is also the piano player in the Bijou.

Mama, starring Peggy Wood, is on Fri. 8 P. M. EST,

Supper break for members of Mama's cast: l. to r., Dick Van Patten (Nels), Peggy Wood (Mama), Ruth Gates (Aunt Jenny), Judson Laire (Papa), Len Mence, standing (Uncle Chris), Ralph Nelson (though not a "Hansen," is director of Mama), Rosemary Rice (Katrin).

thought they did more than five cents' worth of damage. Mama knew better

Parish busybodies, including Mama's sister Jenny, think movies "immoral," want Miss Wilcox expelled from church.

Mama tries to halt the ouster by inviting the minister to the movies. He has never been; is doubtful at first, then delighted.

Pastor Sockman's indorsement of movies silences busybodies; Miss Wilcox keeps both jobs; Papa buys sodas for all.

CBS-TV, Sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

After

What happens? That's

1. Recently we pitted crew-cut thespians from Princeton's Triangle Club against those from Pennsylvania's Mask and Wig Club. With me here are Tigers Jack Ball, John White and Robert Stranahan holding the symbol of their drama club.

4. John and Annie look over the Copacabana, famous Manhattan night club where they spent an evening as reward for appearing on Blind Date. A limousine brought them to the club from the ABC studio. Left, gaily cheek-to-cheek on the dance floor.

Blind Date is telecast Thursday, 9:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV. Sponsored by Gruen Watches.

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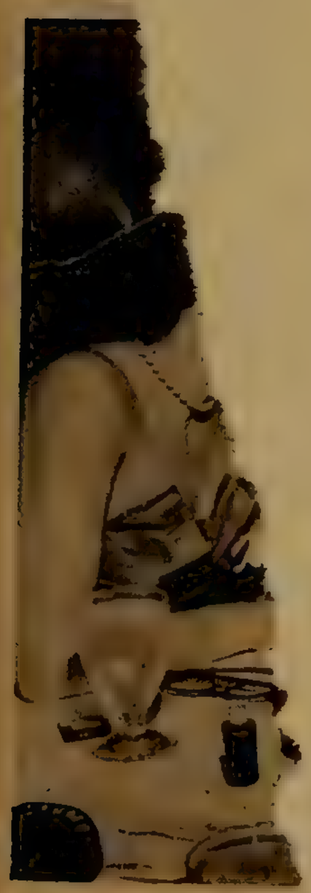

5. Joe E. Lewis
at Anne's and
The man hove
acts as chape-
never has to r

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E

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of a

all—her

famous smile

C-TV; Kate Smith
(Participating

"After our first two weeks of TV it was as natural to Ted and me as radio, which we've been doing for twenty years," Kate tells you.

SMITH TOUCH

No story about Kate is complete without Freckles, a family member thirteen years.

Do you think you're busy? Then take a look at Kate Smith's schedule. She has breakfast at eight and a fitting at nine. (She wore a different dress every day for the first seven weeks of her new TV show and got inquiries about them from thousands of women.) Then come conferences, interviews, radio rehearsals for two noon programs with Ted Collins and the three hours' preparation at the theatre for her hour long telecast with Ted. Plans for the next day's show are gone over and then at last, it's dinner at eight for the energetic songstress. Weekends? Kate shops, cooks and sees a few friends. Does that sound like an awesome schedule? It is. But when you have that nice, easy Kate Smith touch, there's nothing to it!

Sings, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, WOR; Kate Smith Speaks, M-F, 12 N. EST, MBS. Sponsors)

Almost time to go on, so Frank gets to work on the make-up TV cameras demand.

Radio Mirror's

DAYTIME FASHIONS FOR

Althea Dennis of Brighter Day models clothes to please you and your purse

Spring check-up—two smart investment outfits to wear now, wear all Spring. Right now, under your coat, later on all by itself, the slim coat dress on the opposite page. Tiny checks—of course!—in smart rayon suiting, pointed up with bright-white pique: the high, round collar, the cuffs on those easy to wear cap sleeves. Shiny buttons march all the way down the front and a wide, buckled calf belt trims your waistline to practically nothing. Fashion bonus: the stand-out, cuffed hip pockets, the low back pleat for walking comfort. You can choose navy or black, each with white check, in sizes 7-15; the price is $10.95. By Shirley Lee, at Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colo.; Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Madcaps' visor hat in pique adds the finishing touch. On this page, triple-threat costume for now, for Spring—and for Summer as well! The waist-length jacket is tiny-checked rayon suiting with straight, boxy front, flare back with inverted pleat. Mandarin collar, big buttons, two deep, low pockets all label it brand new. Under the jacket, a butcher linen sheath jumper with square neck, shiny patent belt and a low back pleat. Wear it, as Althea does here, dressed up with jewelry or as a simple sunback when summer comes. Or add a blouse and you have a jumper! Something else to bear in mind: the jacket can be worn with other dresses, too. All this for under $18.00 in black, brown or navy with white check, in sizes 7-15. By Virginia Spears, at McCreery's, New York, N. Y. and Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Crescendoe gloves. The cushion-brimmed pique cloche by Debway.

For stores near you write direct to the manufacturers listed on page 98.

Brighter Day is heard M-F at 2:45 P.M., EST, on CBS stations; sponsored by P&G's Ivory Flakes.

YOU

Over 400 years' experience—that's what Jack Barry says about his panel and he's right: There's John Draney, 90, Mrs. Georgianna Carhart, 85

Mrs. Standish was a dancer, but being 80 doe. n't prevent her from doing a swift soft sho

Life Begins at 80

By JACK BARRY

Every Tuesday night I take my place in front of the cameras to act as moderator for some of the most charming, most intelligent, wittiest, and most articulate men and women on TV. The fact that every one of them is more than eighty years old only makes the session that much more exciting. Each has long years of experience in living to draw from, as anyone realizes who has heard their lively discussions in answer to the questions sent in by our viewers.

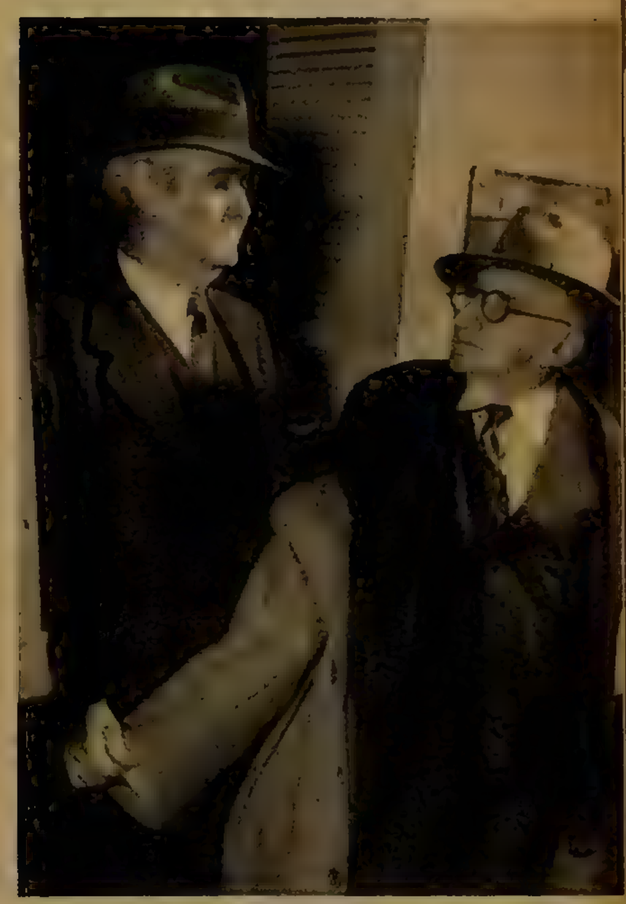
The idea for the program, Life Begins at 80, came to me a few years ago when I read that there were more than a million persons in this country over 80, and the number was increasing every year. Added to that were another fifteen million between 65 and 80. My partner, Dan Enright, and I decided that we had a ready-made audience for a program featuring older performers.

What we weren't sure of was that younger people (*Continued on page* 100)

Life Begins At 80 is telecast Tuesdays at 10 P.M.

"Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be . . ." Browning said it but Jack Barry's octogenarian panel proves it

Hiram Mann, 80, Paolo Gallico, 83 and Lorna Standish, 80.



"Pudge" Hefflefinger, 84, on the first All-American football team for Yale in 1889, was a recent guest. Right, Fred Stein seems to be saying "I can take care of it myself, young fellow." Mr. Stein is 82 to Hiram Mann's 80. All panel members are physically robust.

Most serious thinker on the panel is 86-year-old Joseph Rosenthal, chatting here with guest "Pudge" Hefflefinger.

Words have wing and sting when Mr. Stein and Mrs. Carhart converse. Mrs. Carhart always manages to have the last word though!

EST, ABC-TV. Sponsored by Arnold Bakers.

Have Your Cake

By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

February is a short month but crammed full of good days. It's a party month so we make the most of it.

There's a variety of cakes that would fit into any celebration and suit anybody's fancy. Our favorite on Valentine's Day is the sweetheart cake. Piled high with fluffy frosting and decorated with red candy hearts, it's party fare! As an extra touch, I have streamers coming out from under the cake plate with place cards, cut in heart shape, tied to the end of each streamer.

Devil's food cake is everybody's favorite—anytime. Try it with an old-fashioned chocolate frosting. For those who like cake plain, make a gold cake. Cover it with orange glace for a delightful flavor treat.

Valentine's Day is a wonderful excuse for having a party; a party is a wonderful excuse for making a masterpiece of a cake!

SWEETHEART CAKE

- 2 2/3 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 egg whites
- ½ cup sugar
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 1 cup milk

Mix and sift together the sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the egg whites until foamy. Add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until the meringue will stand up in soft peaks. Put shortening in a large bowl, work with a spoon until soft. Add 1¼ cups sugar gradually. Beat together until light and fluffy. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Stir only enough to blend after each addition. Add vanilla. Fold in meringue and blend thoroughly. Grease two 9″ layer cake pans, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Cool thoroughly. Fill with pineapple filling. Frost with fluffy frosting. Makes two 9″ layers.

PINEAPPLE FILLING

- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2/3 cup pineapple juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup canned crushed pineapple, well drained

Combine sugar and cornstarch. Stir in pineapple juice drained from crushed pineapple. Cook over moderate heat until clear and thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add lemon juice and the crushed pineapple. Allow to cool. This recipe makes enough filling for a two-layer cake.

FLUFFY FROSTING

- 2 egg whites
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1/3 cup water
- 2 teaspoons light corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in the top of a double boiler. Beat just enough to blend. Place over rapidly boiling water. Beat with a hand beater or an electric mixer until mixture stands in soft peaks (7 minutes with hand beater, 4 minutes with electric mixer). Remove from heat. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Makes enough to frost tops and sides of two 9″ layers.

(*Continued on page 93*)

SPECIAL

MY BOSS, DON McNEILL

"Don realizes we're individual human beings," says his secretary. "As individuals we have good days and bad; as humans we're entitled to mistakes!"

By MARY CANNY

Know what a network program is like? Like an iceberg. Only the smallest part of an iceberg shows; the rest is submerged below the surface. On radio—and now, on television—there are hours of background detail, office work and rehearsal time for every minute on the air. Hours that don't show.

I know because, being Don McNeill's secretary, I spend my days in the submerged part of the iceberg. If that sounds like a complaint, you're wrong—would I have stuck it out for eight years, getting up at 5:30 every morning and often as not closing the office around ten at night, if I wasn't in love with my job?

We had lunch, Don and I, the day I applied for the position, at the Merchants and Manufacturers Club in the Merchandise Mart. During luncheon I sketched briefly for him what I'd learned on my last two jobs, at NBC and ABC. I never did get around to mentioning my biggest ambition—to be an actress. I forgot all about it, because I was far too interested in what Don was telling me about the Breakfast Club and how it worked. Far too interested then, and ever since, to give acting another thought!

When we'd finished lunch, Don grinned and pushed back his chair. "Let's go up to the office and look things over," he suggested.

At that time, the Breakfast Club and its various operations was quartered in a no-elbow-room spot at the end of one of the Merchandise Mart's long corridors. Several weeks had gone by since Don's previous secretary had resigned to enlist in the WAVES, and practically nothing had happened in the office work line during that time. Desks were piled so high with papers that the draft caused by our opening the door and walking into the office sent them cascading every which way.

Don looked helplessly around at the mess. "Mary," he said, "organize this stuff, will you? Just—well, just take off your hat and go to work!"

So I took off my hat and went to work.

That was my first intimation of what kind of boss Don McNeill was going to be. Having satisfied himself that I was capable—and that I'd fit into the Breakfast Club "family"—he let me work out the details of my job to suit myself. He's not an interfering kind of boss at all, with me or with any of the members of his staff. He leaves us free to accomplish things in our own way.

One of Don's greatest gifts is keeping the work as simple as possible, the tensions low, in those submerged hours that go into putting together a program. There are no temperamental fireworks in the Breakfast Club office. No desk-pounding or breast-beating or working up trifles into crises of the first magnitude—and those things (*Continued on page* 85)

The McNeill family today—down the steps: Donny and Tommy, Don Kay, and Bobby, the youngest.

SECTION on DON McNEILL and his PROGRAMS

picture-life of DON Mc

His family, his friends, his fortune: follow the path from Sheboygan to Chicago

1. Donald McNeill, born to Agnes and Harry McNeill on December 23, 1907, grew up in Sheboygan, Wis., earned thirteen Scout badges.

2. Graduating from high school in 1925, Don played sax and flute, wanted to be an editorial cartoonist. He enrolled in Marquette Univ.

3. When he graduated in 1929, Don met Kay Bennett at a Christmas party. She was secretary to dean of journalism department.

If there is one striking quality about the Don McNeill story it is its "normalcy." Take Don away from his radio show and you are left with the portrait of a man who could be your own husband or neighbor or boss. The McNeill rise to fame lacks the usual tatters to taxes element of the success story; the McNeill personality lacks the erratic qualities which many performers preserve in order to appear "colorful;" and the McNeill marriage, blessed as it is with three sons, is the kind of marriage you could find in any comfortable American suburb. Perhaps this very quality of "normalcy" is the real secret of the McNeill success story. People may admire the extraordinary, but they rarely love it. This is not to say that Don isn't extraordinary. But despite his gifts—his intelligence and humor and charm—he maintains one very unusual quality indeed. And that is this: he never fails to *understand* people. Follow the life of Don McNeill on these pages and *you'll* understand what made him the way he is.

6. First call to Breakfast had much clowning. Here Don switches jobs with Jack Owens, vocalist, and Walter Blaufus, orchestra leader.

NEILL

with the Breakfast Club's emcee

4. After first job in Louisville, he went to San Francisco, teamed with Van Fleming in comedy act. Joe E. Brown joined in the fun.

5. He then asked Kay to marry him. She nearly broke the engagement when she sighted Don's new moustache but love triumphed, of course, and they were married in San Francisco on September 12, 1931. Kay's attendant was Eleanor Bennett King, her sister. Don's best man was Van Fleming, his comedy team partner.

7. Kay's little helper took charge of the kitchen with the expected results. Son Tommy was born in 1935. He wanted to help, too.

8. A second son, Don Jr., was born in 1936. Early awakening hour necessitated by the Breakfast Club became a McNeill family joke.

9. In those few moments when Don was able to relax, he most enjoyed the Wisconsin trout streams he had known as a boy in Sheboygan.

→

picture life of DON McNEILL

10. Kay and the boys take it as part of their job to send Don to work in good humor. Donny, Bobby and Tommy listen to program before going to school, don't mind Don's reporting their activities over air.

11. Listeners have taken a personal interest in the McNeill sons as they grew up. Boys make an annual appearance on the Christmas program for which listeners request tickets year in advance.

13. Spoofing has always been a Breakfast Club custom. In 1948, McNeill admirers didn't see any reason why he shouldn't run for president, too. McNeill for President drive was coast to coast comedy.

14. Iron Man McNeill, they call him. In doing over 5,000 broadcasts of the Breakfast Club, Don has been late four times, absent because of illness only fifteen times. Neck injury was most serious.

Don McNeill's Breakfast Club is heard M-F, 9 A.M. EST, ABC; sponsored by General Mills, Philco and Swift. Don McNeill's TV Club may be seen Wed., 9 P.M. EST, ABC-TV; sponsored by Philco.

12. The whole McNeill clan gathered in Sheboygan in 1945 to honor Don. The pretty girl seated between their parents is Don's sister, Agnes. Kay is at left. Banquet from Sheboyganites followed.

15. On June 19, 1950, the Breakfast Club's eighteenth anniversary, Don signed a contract with ABC which runs till 1970. The other happy face belongs to Mark Woods, ABC executive vice-president.

A PRAYER TIME CONTEST YOU CAN ENTER

Don McNeill's Prayer Time, a brief moment of silent devotion on each program, is a simple thing, yet it has a powerful philosophy. Don doesn't preach, nor does he devote his moment of faith to any particular religion, class or race. The moment of silent prayer was introduced on Breakfast Club in 1944 and at first much discussion arose because various religious groups felt prayer was out of place on an entertainment program. But Don believed in it and now, after conducting Prayer Time for five years he's been awarded citations by almost every religious organization in existence.

But more important to him even than these citations are the thousands of letters he has received from listeners telling how each, in his own way, has been helped by Prayer Time. Like the member of Alcoholics Anonymous who wrote: "During your impressive moment of silent prayer I always ask God to help me. He never has failed. I've gotten by two years without drinking." Or the woman who wrote that she and her husband had decided to get a divorce when she heard Don offer the moment of silent prayer for families separated because of misunderstandings. "That sounded like it was meant for us. The following evening my husband returned. Thank you, Don, that was the guiding hand we needed."

How has Prayer Time affected *you*? Do you recall a time when this moment of faith helped you, guided you, aided you in making a decision? Write a letter to Don McNeill, telling in one hundred words or less how Prayer Time affected your life. RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars to the writer of the most interesting letter, five dollars each to writers of the ten next most interesting letters. Don McNeill and the editors of RADIO MIRROR will be sole judges; no letters will be returned nor can correspondence concerning them be entered into. Letters should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1951, and must have this notice attached to them. Address your letters to Prayer Time, Box 1327, Grand Central Post Office, New York City, N. Y.

Aunt Fanny's Diary

SUNDAY—Thought I'd never get to services this morning I was that tired after taking care of the McBobb kids last night. I don't know why they call it baby *sitting*. Keeping up with them, I did everything except sit.

MONDAY—No matter how low the temperature gets, there's one nice thing about Winter—you can stay peaceably at your own table. I went to so many picnics last Summer that when I got home I ate in the closet for three days.

TUESDAY—Alma Googert stopped in today for a cup of tea. Land sakes! that woman can stay longer in half an hour than most people can in three weeks.

WEDNESDAY—Took pity on Ed Kennicut and brought over an apple pie. He looked hungry, poor man. He says Nettie treats him just like a Greek god. She sets a burnt offering in front of him every noon.

THURSDAY—Things sort of get too much for Hettie Hornbuckle, what with her husband and the furnace. When she watches one, the other goes out.

FRIDAY—I met Otto Fritzsuger on the street and he just nodded. Poor guy ain't said a word since he married Amy. 'Tain't that he can't talk. Amy started a filibuster when she left the church and she hasn't quit yet.

SATURDAY—Don't care if I do stay home tonight. I've seen the day when I could have any man I pleased. Trouble is, I never seen the day I pleased one.

Fran Allison leads a triple life. In reality, she's Mrs. Archie Levington; on NBC television, she's the Fran of Kukla, Fran and Ollie, and on ABC's Breakfast Club, she's Aunt Fanny. She auditioned as a vocalist in 1937, but she hasn't sung a note on B. C. since Don McNeill first heard her impersonate Aunt Fanny, the gossipy spinster.

PATSY'S a

There's only one thing about being a member of the Breakfast Club "family" that Patsy Lee finds disappointing—she can spend only two weeks out of every year with her own family, in California.

To make up for that as far as she can, Patsy has an apartment in Chicago, does her own cooking and housework—even her own washing and ironing of such items as dresses and blouses! When she first joined the Breakfast Club, Patsy lived in a hotel, ate her meals in restaurants, spent a great deal more money than she does now—and was thoroughly miserable besides. Only since she acquired her two and a half rooms, decorated them to her own liking, has she felt at home. Among her neighbors, who add to the small-town atmosphere of the neighborhood, are Johnny Desmond and his wife, Fran Allison and her husband, Archie Levington.

Here's how the place which makes Patsy feel at home looks: Three walls of the living room are painted a blue with a purplish cast. One wall and the matching drapes are print, in a French ascension balloon pattern, purple and blue figures on white background. The rug is beige, and comfortable sectional furniture is slip-covered in green. There are a spinet piano, a radio-TV-phonograph combination, and end tables and dinette set, all in knotty pine. In the bedroom, the walls are lime green with drapes to match, the drapes printed in a zoo pattern of

Patsy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ortega live in California. She visits them as often as possible. That's Amber the cat held by Grandpa Ortega.

HOME GIRL

small animals. The bed is Hollywood style; the dresser is black. One very important piece completes the furnishings—Patsy's hope chest.

Patsy's week-day routine seldom varies, and the whole thing is regulated by the fact that Breakfast Club gets under way so early in the morning. At six-fifteen, her first alarm goes off. This is a sort of warning signal that there's very little snoozing time left. At six-forty the second one rings, and this time there's no fooling—she's got to get up. First moves are to put the kettle on for her morning cup of tea, pour herself a glass of orange juice, and give Amber, the cat, her breakfast. Then a shower. Alternately drinking orange juice and tea, Patsy scurries around the apartment, finishing her dressing, checking copies of music for the morning show, hurrying through other last-minute details—which sometimes include ironing a blouse!

At five minutes past seven, she gets into the taxi that waits for her each morning and rides to ABC's Civic Studio, getting there about seven-fifteen. Conferences with Cliff Peterson and Eddie Ballantine fill the time until First Call For Breakfast. After the show there's an autographing session, the breakfast with the cast. From nine forty-five until eleven rehearsal for tomorrow's program. Afterwards, shopping or lunch until two, then it's rehearsal for TV Club. After that, fittings, hairdresser appointments. Weekends are for dates—she never lacks for those—and for entertaining friends at home.

Sam Cowling's Almanac

MARRIAGE—It's a wonderful institution. No family should be without it . . . There are few women who take up the law, but there are plenty who lay it down . . . It's not what a woman says that hurts so much, it's the number of times she says it . . . It's a well-known fact that puppy-love is the beginning of a dog's life . . . Men who say they are boss in their own homes usually lie about other things, too . . . A horse is usually a horse, but a woman can also be a nag . . . In marriage, he who hesitates is bossed . . . It's a well-known fact among husbands that a word to the wife is never sufficient.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath; after a while it isn't so hot . . . A mother-in-law is a puzzle with cross words . . . It's a known fact that in-laws cause more trouble than outlaws . . . A mother-in-law is a gestapo in bloomers.

MANNERS—Women drivers can be very healthy and still take a turn for the worse . . . Children's ears are like shovels; they sure can pick up a lot of dirt . . . A reducing expert is a person who lives on the fat of the land . . . Going on a diet is simply the triumph of mind over platter . . . It is a well-known fact that when the human body is immersed in water, the telephone rings . . . Fun is like insurance; the older you get, the more it costs you.

Sam Cowling sang his way into the Breakfast Club in 1937 as a member of The Romeos—the ad-libbing member who had something to say about every situation. In 1943, he abandoned his vocal role and emerged as Don's chief heckler who, in his Almanac, daily purveys wry wisdom on the subject of marriage, mothers-in-law and manners.

Serious moments are rare in Sam Cowling's life. But he played it straight when cameraman wanted to check make-up.

Aunt Fanny's world comes to life as Fran Allison, playing the garrulous spinster, chats about folks back home.

TV CLUB

Patsy Lee's admirers are legion. Don introduces a youth who claimed to have traveled from Boston to meet her.

Guest Rhonda Fleming likes bow ties—so does show's staff. Other celebrated guests: Patricia Morison, Margaret O'Brien.

TIME—

The Don McNeill TV Club has been a big show ever since ABC cameras were first turned on it last September. But close friends of the Breakfast Club cast recognize it as an elaboration of the high jinks which have always happened when this crowd of versatile, volatile guys and girls meet at someone's home. Genuinely fond of each other, they have always found their own entertainment in clowning, practical jokes and skits which utilize their many talents. Now offering the public a production number view of what occurs at their private parties, they include for good measure a few familiar Breakfast Club features. As these pictures show you, they have fun backstage as well as in front of the cameras. Even gag-writers, usually serious and hardworking, catch the spirit of the McNeill crew and have fun. Women's clubs on an outing (see picture at left) enjoy the TV Club even more than the Breakfast Club, for they don't have to get up so early to go to it. And their families can watch them swap gags with Don and Sam. People chosen from the audience play an important part on TV Club. The whole cast sums up its new experience in words that echo down many a television studio corridor: "Radio was never like this!"

◀ Don McNeill's TV Club is telecast Wed., 9 P. M. EST on ABC-TV. It is sponsored by Philco.

Johnny Desmond, peering over cameraman's shoulder, has to see exactly where he will be when picture goes out.

Out of Aunt Fanny frock, Fran helps Patsy with her gown.

Cliff Peterson, McNeill radio supervisor, turns comic on TV

JOHNNY DESMOND ▶

At the Johnny Desmonds: Ruth holds Patricia, who is one-and-a-half; Diane, four, sits with Johnny.

Five days a week singer Johnny Desmond is off to ABC's Breakfast Club where Don McNeill presents him to five million daily listeners. But comes the week-end and Johnny marches home to his family—Ruth, his blonde and vivacious wife; daughters Diane, four, and Patricia, one-and-a-half. The Desmond apartment is nine spacious rooms in a quiet residential section of Chicago. Ruth, who divides her attention between the little girls and looking after Johnny's secretarial chores, helps her husband to answer his fan mail. The day's batch usually contains a lot of ardent notes from feminine admirers, but Ruth says it doesn't bother her a whit. She and Johnnny met in 1941 in Salt Lake City, which is Ruth's home town. "Johnny was singing there with Bob Crosby's band," says Ruth, "and I tried out for the quartet. Confidentially, the other two boys liked me fine, but Johnny didn't think my voice was any good. I got the job anyway. But he turned out to be right about my voice." Johnny was singing with Gene Krupa's band in a quartet known as the Bob-O-Links. Then he was called into service. He and Ruth were married before he went overseas. In England he did some singing over the BBC in a series called "A Soldier and a Song." Among his devoted listeners were the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. That was a lonesome period for Ruth as well as for Johnny and they will have no reminder of it. They both enjoy entertaining and sometimes Johnny can be persuaded to cook his specialty—Italian spaghetti.

In the Ballantine workshop: Eddie, Betty, Frances, Barbara, and Ted.

◀ EDDIE BALLANTINE

Friends call Eddie Ballantine, maestro of the Breakfast Club's orchestra, "the indefatigable gadgeteer." Musicians have tabbed him as one of the finest musical directors in the country. But to his three healthy and handsome children, he is "just Pops—and loads of fun!" Out in the Chicago suburb of Skokie, the brick Ballantine bungalow is a source of amazement to neighbors. Ed, wife Frances, and children, Ted, twenty-three, Barbara, eighteen, and Betty, fourteen, have all pitched together to make it "a home the way we want it to be." But even with all the gadgets and conveniences, music is the most important thing in the Ballantine household. Mrs. Ballantine and the children share in judging Eddie's arrangements. "I call them my four-man jury," he says.

BOB "ACE" MURPHY ▶

"How much money can you make?" That's Bob Murphy's standard reply when he receives beguiling radio offers from New York or Hollywood. Thirty-three-year-old Bob, who announces the Philco portion of the Breakfast Club, prefers the life he has in Chicago with his wife and six children. Bob's radio career began on a station in Fargo, N. D. After a period in St. Paul, Bob joined NBC in 1945 as an announcer. He was in the Navy during the war, returned to NBC after his discharge. He now free lances as announcer and master of ceremonies.

Bob holds baby Terrance, then come Mary Jane, 5, Louise, Joan, 3, Kay, 7, Dennis, 9, Patricia, almost 2.

The Dowds: Betsy, 6, Tricia, 9, Don, wife Betty, Don Jr., 15; and Elwood P. Dowd, the dog.

◀ DON DOWD

Don Dowd, who's been associated with the early morning festivities of the Breakfast Club since 1943, took on his first announcing job only to earn money enough to continue his vocal studies. Radio won out eventually and now, among other announcing activities, Don does the Swift & Co. segment of the Don McNeill show. Don—Dowd, that is—is a native of Philadelphia.

FRANKLYN FERGUSON ▶

Franklyn Ferguson announces on the General Mills portion of the Breakfast Club. It's a spot he's held since the summer of 1948. Now a free-lancer for the networks, Franklyn began his radio career in his native state of Texas in 1933. There he became program director for the Southwest Broadcasting System. In 1935 he accepted a job as chief announcer on a Grand Rapids, Michigan, station. He also worked in Detroit before coming to Chicago. Franklyn lives with his family in their new home in Winnetka, Illinois. His daughter, Diane, is eleven; son Peter is seven. The children's main interest centers around The Lone Ranger on TV. But they don't mind listening to their father talk every morning on Breakfast Club.

Franklyn's hobby is taking color films of his children, Diane and Peter.

THE

I was delighted to find when I greeted her at Don's apartment Saturday that I showed no signs of the strain I'd been under . . . It turned out to be a dandy party.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS • By

WOMAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING

Wendy Warren is heard M-F 12 Noon EST over CBS. Sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

WENDY WARREN

How much is everything? Is it more than wealth and charm and a certain man? Looking at Kay Clements, Wendy thought not. But then she changed her mind

There was nothing in the world to keep Don Smith and me from falling in love. Not on the surface, anyway. We were both unattached; we were the right ages for one another; our interests and backgrounds couldn't have been more similar, since we were both working on the same newspaper and couldn't imagine being happy in any other kind of work. In fact Don was my boss—managing editor of the New York *Gazette*, for which I'm a feature writer and columnist. And the attraction itself was there, gaining strength with each day we worked together, becoming an increasing disturbance in both our lives. Everything was right, and so we fell in love.

The very good reason why we shouldn't have done it didn't emerge until later. We thought, because we were part of the same world and talked the same language, that we were the same kind of people. I still believe that we are; but apparently it takes more than that to forge the unshakably solid basis upon which I hope to build my marriage. Though I've given it lots of thought lately, I haven't succeeded in figuring out all the elements that go to make up that foundation. They're intangible, many of them, things you can't see or count or touch . . . Like faith. Maybe you think of it as trust, or belief in one another, or conviction that you know your loved one through and through. There are many names for it, many ways of looking at it. But you cannot think of it in terms of *How big is it? How much is it? How long will it last?* It is . . . or it is not. If you can ask questions about it, it isn't what it should be. You haven't got it.

I sound very wise, but in honesty I should admit that all of this is hindsight. Once I had admitted my feeling for Don, it didn't occur to me to examine

it from different angles. It was enough of an emotional upset to realize that I felt about Don as I had never felt about Mark Douglas . . . a far stronger, more urgent, more demanding feeling. There was no tranquillity in it; it was all ups and downs. Don confessed that he felt the same.

"You've been in love before," he said once, almost accusingly. "You know what to expect. You won't make such a fool of yourself as I'm likely to."

We were having lunch together on a business day, and it wasn't the time or place for personal emotions. I tried to disregard the small-boy grimness of Don's mouth and the fact that I wanted very much to lean across the table and kiss it. I said thoughtfully, "Don't worry about that. I've never felt like this about anyone before. And don't sound as though I had a past like an opera star's, just full of fascinating men mad for love of me. Mark was . . . well, I grew up with Mark. We used to talk about all the wonderful things we were going to do—the brilliant books and plays we would write, the places we'd see. That sort of ties two people together. Sometimes . . ." I thought of Mark, marrying Nona in a what-does-it-matter spirit, only to learn how much she really did mean to him. "Sometimes it makes them think they're in love when they're actually only in—well, in friendship, so to speak."

"Don't give me that." Don buttered a roll as though he were stabbing an enemy. "If Douglas weren't married to that gal he'd still be hanging around you."

"Fortunately they plan to stay in Europe for many months. Doesn't that set your mind at ease?"

Finally, Don allowed himself a grin, and we laughed together. It seems strange now that I never thought of picking away at his past as he did at mine. I suppose one reason is that whatever entanglements he had once had remained behind him in Detroit, from which he'd come only recently to his job on the *Gazette,* whereas my friends were all around us, as Don said, all the time. Of course I would never have charged forward flinging my accusations about as he liked to do, but somehow I can't recall even wondering very much how many women he'd fancied himself in love with before we met. There must have been women; a man couldn't look like Don, slim and hard and tanned, or move with such well-muscled grace, or speak with such virile directness, without alerting feminine eyes whether they were raised from typewriters or cocktail glasses. But who or what or where they now were had no part in my life.

A psychiatrist would say, perhaps, that basically I was a more secure person than Don and proved it by not being jealous.

Then again perhaps I was a bit of a fool. I knew that most women had felt Don's charm and sometimes I was surprised at myself for not being more interested in the others who might have felt it. "Are you sure you're in love with him?" I'd ask myself. And then I'd reassure myself each time that so far as I could tell this was what all the popular songs and poems were written about.

When Kay Clements came into the picture I had to start reassuring myself all over again. At first the thought of a female financier occasioned me no worry. But after a thorough exposition of Kay's dark, slender beauty and magnificent clothes I knew that I wasn't in favor of allowing Kay to cement a relationship with Don.

At the time, however, my feelings were smothered, for Kay, to Don and me, was the answer to an almost hopeless prayer. Mary McKenna, who had owned the *Gazette* for many years, had suddenly announced her intention of selling a controlling interest, and the unexpected shattering of our secure pattern had caught all of us on the paper off guard. There was no telling what it might mean, having another owner in Mary's place . . . but there was no doubt it would mean change of some kind, and that was what Don didn't want. He was just getting under way as managing editor; only he and I knew just how big his plans were, and how much they meant to him. I wasn't worried about myself, because if the worst did come and I couldn't get along with the new chief—well, I could always do what Mark had been after me for years to do, stay home and write that novel I had at the back of my mind. But Don—he's a journalist at heart, not happy without a newspaper being put together around him. I thought, and he brooded, and more or less together we came up with a pretty audacious plan. Don would buy Mary out himself!

Mark: off in another country, he needed Wendy desperately.

The small matter of eight hundred thousand dollars was, we realized, a bit of a hurdle. It proved to be even more of a hurdle to the people we tried to borrow it from. In fact it began to look as though I had better start outlining my novel, when all at once Kay and her uncounted millions appeared out of nowhere, and—as Don said, jubilantly and unbelievingly, "Wendy—we're in! She's going to back me!" Abruptly his exaltation died down and he stared at me, leaning against the open door of my office through which he had just burst with his big news. "Come to think of it, I wonder why she's doing it?" he asked, of me and the air.

That seemed like a silly question, and I didn't bother answering it. I thought Don was fishing for compliments, and I was too busy with my next day's column to spend time building up his ego at the moment. I had met Kay Clements, and I knew she had a sharply intelligent mind which could not have failed to appreciate Don's talent and ideas. She was sophisticated and experienced; she knew that charm like his was a business as well as a social asset. She had a knack for making money. Her background folder, over which I'd spent an anxious hour when she first showed interest in the paper, told an astounding story of a woman who at the death of her husband a few years before had been left a rich widow, and who had calmly stepped into his professional position and built it, in a short time, from the merely wealthy into the millionaire bracket. Therefore, she apparently knew a good investment when she saw one and she must be seeing Don and the *Gazette* in just such a light. (*Continued on page* 102)

CAN YOU REDUCE THROUGH EXERCISE?

Don't place too much faith in those toe-touching routines! It's the "exercise of good judgment" in food that takes off weight

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR
Noted Nutritionist

As she stirs sugar into her creamed coffee, the overweight woman wails, "I just don't get enough exercise!" And there is her counterpart in the two-hundred-pound executive who pats his paunch, exclaiming, "I'm going to work this off on the golf course Sunday."

Is this fiction or fact?

Fiction it is, for the commonest excuse of the heavyweight as she reaches for a potato chip instead of a carrot is the exercise alibi. It is nothing more than mental salve for overeating.

The sad fact is that a person does not lose much fat through exercise. A two-hundred-pound woman would have to beat rugs furiously for six hours to lose three pounds. Of those pounds lost, only one is fat. The other two pounds are chiefly perspiration, weight that she will put on as she drinks water. Yes, she lost one pound.

Remember, too, that strenuous exercise can be dangerous for heavyweights. Fat alone is a burden for the heart. Add a couple hours of strenuous activity and you are courting the old man with the reaper. Doctors advise that after the age of twenty-eight even the healthy person with normal weight must take exercise in moderation. About that age the metabolism rate slows down, too, which means that if you tried to lose weight by exercise alone, you would have to put in more hours. But obviously the older a person, the less able she is to exercise. So we see that exercising as the sole means to reduce is impractical.

The solution is to eat judiciously. Exercise can then be an aid to fat destruction and of benefit to the circulation, elimination and body toning.

The best exercise is something we can all afford. It is the daily walk. Walking builds your strength and relieves nervous tension. It improves blood circulation, for working muscles act as auxiliary pumps to force fresh blood through the body and in that way relieve the heart of part of its work. As an aid to reducing, walking helps consume fat. Walk with your children, to enjoy the sunshine, to shop, to see your neighbors.

Another aid to reduction requires no exertion and is a real tonic. This is the air bath. The directions are simple: merely relax in your bedroom each day for twenty minutes without any clothes. Air currents striking the skin have a triple effect: circulation is stimulated; the system is toned; heat escapes from body at a great rate, increasing metabolism and aiding reducing.

Now if you are the one in thousands who has the self-discipline to do setting-up exercises, go to it. I prefer swimming or walking. But whatever your favorite exercise, practice it moderately.

Exercise is only an aid to reducing. The intelligent, sensible woman knows the best exercise is the exercise of good judgement in selecting food.

Victor H. Lindlahr's expert comment on food and health is heard M-F, 10:45 A. M., EST, over ABC, sponsored by Serutan.

Daytime Diary

AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EST

Aunt Jenny's recent mother-in-law story shed a thought-provoking new light on an age-old problem. Sally and Jim Gardner had this problem from the beginning of their marriage, when it was decided that Jim's mother should live with them. The two women rapidly discovered they were incompatible, and after a period of mounting strain Jim's mother left. Jim, furious when Sally refused to invite his mother to return, left home and went to stay at his mother's apartment. He was chagrined to discover, however, that her new independence had become so pleasant to her that she preferred to have Jim go back to his wife—which, feeling rather foolish, he did.

BRIGHTER DAY

Rev. Richard Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EST

When Liz Dennis went to Hollywood to be with producer Nathan Eldredge during his convalescence, she and her family expected that her visit would end in her marriage to Nathan. But as Nathan recovered his health, his altered attitude toward the world involved what Liz considered to be a rejection of their relationship. Heartbroken, she returns to Three Rivers, only to discover that as a result of the coming of housekeeper Fran Kennedy there has been a change in the whole Dennis family. It looks to Liz as if they no longer need her. Meanwhile, her screen-star sister Althea plans her divorce from Bruce Bigby . . . and suddenly learns she is going to have a baby.

BACKSTAGE WIFE

Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EST

Mary Noble, desperately worried over the arrest of her husband Larry for the murder of Oliver Wilson, accepts the help of wealthy Rupert Barlow, backer of the play in which Larry was starring at the time of the murder. Mary does not know that Barlow's sympathy is feigned, and that his real aim is to win her for himself. Barlow's plans are somewhat upset when Mary, accepting his offer to use his New York apartment to be closer to Larry, invites her friend Maude Marlowe to stay with her. Also, Larry becomes suspicious of Barlow, and discharges the lawyer Barlow sent him. With the new lawyer provided by actor friends, Larry's chances improve. But is Barlow beaten?

DAVID HARUM

David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EST

David Harum puts himself in a dangerous position when he discovers that Dan Morgan, chauffeur employed by Roger Marshall, is blackmailing Marshall's daughter Celia. When Dan is discharged, the Marshall family appears happier, but beneath the surface there is tension between Celia and her mother on one side and the penniless, beautiful Betty Marshall, Roger's niece, on the other. Resented by the other two, Betty turns in her loneliness to David Harum and his sister, Aunt Polly, and in their efforts to befriend the young girl they become increasingly involved in the Marshall family difficulties. What is ahead for this troubled group and for David?

BIG SISTER

Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EST

Ruth Wayne's younger brother Neddie has become hopelessly involved with the peculiar old millionaire, Parker, in spite of Ruth's efforts to prove Parker's villainy. Sometimes Ruth despairs of being able to convince anybody of the truth about Parker. Her own husband, Dr. John Wayne, still attends as Parker's physician, although the connection has put a serious strain upon his relationship with Ruth—exactly as Parker intends it to. However, Parker's need for power has approached a state of uncontrollable compulsion, and as he realizes that Ruth knows the truth about him his own untrustworthy nerves may win the battle that Ruth alone cannot seem to conclude.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EST

"The Millionaire Cowboy Murder Case" brings a reminder of the lawless old Wild West to David Farrell, ace reporter on the New York *Daily Eagle*. Assigned by his paper to cover the brutal shooting of Ed Fuller, rodeo cowboy, in his hotel room, David is aware that rodeo star Randy Buck disappeared after the shooting and is under suspicion of having done it or of having some knowledge about it which the police would like to get hold of. With the help of his wife Sally, once a newspaperwoman herself, David succeeds in running down the actual background behind the killing, and brings to light facts which aid the police in apprehending the murderer.

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit—plot, character, time, station information

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Chichi
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EST

Though Craig Roberts warned Chichi against gambler Coleman Reynolds, Chichi insisted Coley was leading an honest life. But during a visit to Coley's boat to prove her point, Chichi had an accident which resulted in paralysis, and was forced to conclude that Coley had been responsible and that she had been mistaken. Afterward, however, she learned that Coley was in reality trying to force his associates to operate honestly, and that someone else had been guilty of the attack on her. Although she is still in her wheelchair, Chichi's spirits take an upward turn as she reflects that her judgment is not so faulty. She was right about Coley, and the law was wrong.

GUIDING LIGHT

Papa Bauer
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EST

Meta Bauer, in jail for the murder of her husband Ted White, has driven her friend and attorney, Ray Brandon, to the point of throwing up the case by her refusal to cooperate, when reporter Joe Roberts takes an unexpected part in the drama of her life. Aroused to some emotion he himself cannot define by this woman, who allegedly murdered the man she felt had been responsible for the death of her young son. Joe, who is himself a widower with two children, begins to show a persistent interest in her case. Meanwhile Bill Bauer's wife Bertha decides to investigate her husband's growing friendship with the girl named Gloria, who apparently understands him too well.

LORENZO JONES

Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EST

Now that Lorenzo has been told he may be heir to a large Canadian fortune, he had become the focal point of much interest and activity, some of which he doesn't altogether understand. A newcomer to town, Lady Audrey Jones, causes an upheaval in the town's social circles by announcing that she is Lorenzo's cousin and proceeding to get very much involved with Peter Peabody, scion of the town's wealthiest family. In addition to this complication, for which Lorenzo is held responsible, Lorenzo himself is being followed wherever he goes by a mysterious blue coupe. Lorenzo's wife Belle, who knows that her husband has a knack for attracting trouble, is much disturbed.

HILLTOP HOUSE

Julie
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EST

Not long ago, Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, was widowed by a tragic accident. Though she has thrown herself with increased intensity into her work, she cannot help knowing that she has become very important to two men—Dr. Jeff, who takes care of Hilltop's children, and Alan Richards, a former Hilltop boy who rose to brilliant success as a concert singer. Julie is preoccupied by the problem of teen-age Pixie, who has become part of the "fast" crowd at Glendale High. Julie expects trouble, but she is not prepared for the tragic climax of Pixie's activities—a "hot rod" crash in which one youngster is killed. What share of the blame will Pixie bear?

MA PERKINS

Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

Saved in the nick of time from marriage with crafty Sylvester, Ma's daughter Fay is grateful for her escape—but still lonesome. When Spencer Grayson, suave, successful advertising executive, crosses her path again, she is strongly drawn to him and counters his invitation to spend Christmas in New York with her invitation that he spend Christmas in Rushville Center, which he accepts. Spencer and Fay have a wonderful time together, but a peculiar note enters their friendship when they run across Tom Wells, the cynical counterman at a Rushville Center diner who is Spencer's old Air Force buddy. What will happen to Fay's emotions as she is influenced by both men?

JUST PLAIN BILL

Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

The tranquil marriage of Bill's beloved daughter Nancy and lawyer Kerry Donovan is disturbed when Leonard Drew, surgeon attending Nancy during her illness, confesses that he has fallen in love with her. This situation is seized upon by Drew's divorced wife Vivian to be used for her own ends. Vivian's aims are at first confused but gradually Nancy begins to understand that she wants to regain Leonard's affections. Anxious to rid herself of Leonard's embarrassing attentions, Nancy agrees to help Vivian win back her ex-husband, but as she tries to carry out her promise her friendliness toward Leonard is misunderstood not only by her husband, but by her father.

NONA FROM NOWHERE

Nona
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EST

Nona Brady's film career got off to a bad start when her starring picture fell short of success, but Vernon Dutell, the Palladium Studios producer who is in love with her, still believes she will be a great star and has continued to make plans for her. However, Kay Lanier, with whom Vernon was once in love, is determined to regain his affections, and has engineered two attempts on Nona's life in a desperate effort to get her out of the way. Vernon's brother Alvin had become Kay's partner in her plan to dispose of Nona, and in addition Alvin, by means of mysterious threats, continues to blackmail Vernon for huge sums of money. What will happen to Nona and Vernon?

OUR GAL SUNDAY

Sunday
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

As the result of a masterfully planned situation, Sunday Brinthrope is made to appear guilty of the murder of Diane Caulfield, who is found dead in Sunday's rooms at the Savoy Hotel in London. Diane was actually killed by her criminal husband, Bruce, but the circumstantial evidence which Bruce is able to pile up about Sunday makes it impossible for Inspector Dinsdale to believe in her innocence, particularly in view of the excellent motive provided by the fact that Lord Henry and Diane were at one time about to be married. The inspector feels that jealousy was Sunday's motive, and so conclusive is his evidence that Lord Henry may not be able to help his wife.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

It still seems incredible to Pepper that his father Sam Young, one of Elmwood's highly respected citizens, can ever have been suspected of the bank robbery that ended in the death of the watchman, Mike O'Flaherty. But even those who have known Sam for many years are confused by the weight of the evidence against him. Working desperately to clear his name, Mr. Young picks up the trail of Sadie Mercer and her boy friend, Gil, whose activities seem open to question. The connection of these two hard-boiled Chicagoans with Mrs. Ivy Trent, mother of Carter, to whom Pepper's sister Peggy is married, is a startling one when it finally emerges from concealment.

PERRY MASON

Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EST

Walter Bodt's activities as head of the gigantic criminal ring are now almost an open book to Perry Mason. But as he and the police prepare to close in on Bodt, reporter Helen Henderson, who has been acting as a "plant" to obtain crucial evidence of Bodt's crimes, puts herself in grave danger by attempting to exceed Perry's instructions. She and her fiance, Jake, are seen and identified by Allyn Whitlock, Walter Bodt's girl friend, and after that Bodt knows almost as much about Perry's plans as he needs in order to elude arrest. Knowing that Bodt cannot afford to stop at anything to protect himself, Perry tries tirelessly to get Helen out of danger.

PORTIA FACES LIFE

Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

Walter and Portia Manning face the fact that the only way they can hope to re-establish financial security is for Portia to resume her career as a lawyer, which she dropped when it became apparent that Walter resented the fact that he was not the family's only breadwinner. Struggling to regain his status as a newspaperman, Walter watches with increasing emotional unrest as Portia enters into partnership with another woman lawyer, Paula Perone. In their first case Portia comes up against a problem which she has never had to handle before. How she solves it and the developments that follow make a dramatic chapter in the lives of Walter and Portia.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

When Miles Nelson's campaign for the governorship ends in his election, Carolyn Kramer feels that the relationship between them has undergone a change which she can not fully estimate but which she believes may prevent them from marrying for many years to come. A divorcee with a young son over whom legal battle still wages, Carolyn knows that she can not be much of an asset in the social and official responsibilities which fall upon Miles in his new position. Although she and Miles still love each other, their paths are dividing in such a fundamental way that their happiness together must continue to wait until the indefinite future.

ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Dr. Jim Brent, who has thrown himself into his research work at Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac, Pennsylvania, partly to forget the tragic events of his recent past, has found that work alone will not suffice to rebuild a shattered life. Even the companionship of his daughter, Janie, can not disguise from Jim the fact that no home is complete without a wife and mother. What part will Beth Lambert play in Jim's future —Beth, the girl he has every reason to hate but can not find it in his heart to do so? What effect will his knowledge that Beth loves him have on Jim Trent. And what of Jocelyn McLeod, in whose strange family problems Jim finds himself involved.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

Gil Whitney, struggling to free himself from his entanglement with Betty Mallory, asks her to dissolve by divorce the marriage he doesn't remember making. Betty's refusal makes it unlikely that Gil will ever be able to renew his courtship of Helen Trent, with whom he is still in love; and also it has infuriated Cynthia Swanson, who has laid careful plans for the purpose of winning Gil for herself. Helen is instrumental in helping Molly Lou, the little girl who is supposed to be the daughter of Gil and Betty, to obtain a picture contract with producer Jeff Brady, who decides to use Betty's old house as background for a picture. Why does Betty object so violently to this plan?

ROSEMARY

Mother Dawson
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

The once happy marriage of Rosemary and Bill Roberts, disrupted by Bill's interest in Blanche Weatherby, threatens to end in dreadful tragedy when Bill's nervous collapse leads to a near-fatal accident. Rosemary, fearing the worst, rushes to Bill's side at the Hospital and is relieved to learn that he will not die. However, she is told that he may never walk again, and while she is struggling to adjust to this, Bill regains consciousness and calls for Blanche, with Rosemary sitting at his side. Can any marriage survive such a blow? Could any wife continue to lavish her love on a husband who gave every evidence of no longer desiring it?

SECOND MRS. BURTON

Terry Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EST

Confidence man Rupert Gorham tightens the hold he has won over Stan's mother, Mrs. Burton, by his successful bluff of being able to read the future, and carefully perfects his plans to obtain money which he believes Mrs. Burton will soon receive from some old mining investments. Against the warnings of Stan and Terry, Mother Burton determines to model her future actions along the lines which Gorham advises. Part of her aim is to re-establish Stan as a financial and social leader in Dickston. Mrs. Burton is startingly interrupted when her sister-in-law's husband Ralph is murdered. What connection exists between Gorham and Elizabeth Miller's arrest for murder?

WENDY WARREN

Wendy Warren
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EST

How much harm is it ethical to do in the interests of accomplishing good? The problem of means and ends confronts Wendy as she and her editor, Don Smith, close in on the machinations of George Selby, a story which they plan to "break" in their newspaper. In the course of obtaining evidence against Selby, Wendy becomes fond of his daughter Pat and his unhappy son Mike, and is concerned when Pat's involvement with gambler Jim Mitchell ends in Mitchell's murder, which apparently occurred while he and Pat were eloping. Can Wendy go ahead with the proceedings against George Selby in spite of what the revelation will do to the lives of Selby's children?

STELLA DALLAS

Richard Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EST

In spite of the storm of protest which their announcement of marriage plans has stirred up, Stella Dallas and Phil Baxter are continuing to make their arrangements. A series of strange threats disturbs their happiness, and almost culminates in tragedy when Phil is shot on the evening of the scheduled wedding. For a time Stella almost despairs of his life, but he rallies and makes progress toward recovery. However, he has made plain his intention of altering his will and leaving his very considerable fortune to Stella instead of to his sister, Maxine, and her fiance, Clark Marshall. Is this the motive behind the mysterious menace hanging over Stella?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Harry Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EST

During a shocking accident to baby Hope, Joan Davis, who has been paralyzed, suddenly recovers the use of her legs. Soon afterward her new baby is born—normal, healthy and completely untouched by the strain of his mother's recent difficulty. Harry, realizing he has been made the dupe of the oil swindle involving his land, decides to sell the beloved farm in order to obtain money to pay back the people he feels he is responsible to, though actually he too was a victim of the confidence man Selby. Temporarily he and Joan take their family to the vacant house of Joan's sister Sylvia, where—in a new town, with a new job—they look hopefully to the future.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Charles Dobbs
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

Peg Martinson, the neurotic woman who has been crippled as the result of an accident which she blames on Nora, is within an ace of being cured by Dr. Seargent, the psychiatrist who is in love with Nora. But inevitably Peg's twisted emotions make her once again suspicious of Nora and her own husband, Ken Martinson, and in order to obtain evidence of their guilt she hires a chauffeur-spy, Kenneth Spencer, to follow them. Spencer, knowing how wealthy Peg is, realizes the situation offers much to a quick-thinking young man. His girl friend Irene Maloney becomes his helper in a plan to plant evidence against Nora. Then Irene and Nora meet with surprising results.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

Anne Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EST

Anne Malone, on the point of divorcing Dr. Jerry Malone and marrying Sam Williams, is suddenly called to New York by Jerry's serious collapse. Though she suspects Jerry's insistence that she go back is self-sacrifice on his part, she agrees to leave if he will agree to see a psychiatrist. When she returns, however, she finds her whole relationship with Sam upset by the marriage of Sam's son Gene to Crystal Gates, daughter of the town drunk. Is it true that Gene resented his father's plans to marry Anne and he is taking it out on Crystal—or does he really love this girl to whom he means so much? And has the time finally come for Anne and Jerry to decide to part?

WE LOVE AND LEARN

Mickey Smith
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EST

Jim and Thelma Carlton still haven't gotten their marriage on a happy basis. When Jim becomes an FBI agent, he is put on an assignment which demands that he observes utter secrecy, even as regards his wife. With the background of quarrels and misunderstandings they have already had, it is natural for Thelma to jump to the conclusion that Jim's mysterious nightly activities involve another woman, and she is almost prostrated with grief, intensified by her pregnancy. Madame Sophie, who has befriended the couple, feels that Jim is behaving toward his wife in a manner punishable by law. How can Jim convince Madame Sophie that he is not a cad?

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN

Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EST

Horace Steele, rich widower from New York, has been paying a lot of attention to Ellen Brown. In spite of Ellen's long-standing love for Dr. Anthony Loring, she cannot help being attracted to Horace. However, Lita Haddon, who hopes to marry Horace, follows him to Simpsonville and immediately assesses Ellen as a rival whom she must somehow defeat. Anthony, realizing that Lita is a neurotic woman who may go to dangerous lengths, agrees to help in her campaign to stop Horace's attentions to Ellen. Anthony himself is greatly disturbed over this new friendship of Ellen's, and wonders if the future is going to be different from the one he and Ellen have planned.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time

For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest We Remember	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Dr. Donald Barnhouse Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art of Living News Highlights	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat Solitair Time	Back to God Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Bill Shadel, News 11:35 Invitation to Learning

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Voices and Events Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups William Hiliman Frank and Ernest	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	People's Platform World Affairs News and News Analysis
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	First Freedom Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Sammy Kaye National Vespers	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch.
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour First Piano Quartet	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Washington Reports	Billy Graham Southernaires	The Symphonette
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Music With the Girls The Quiz Kids	Bobby Benson Hashknife Hartley	This Week Around the World The Lutheran Hour	Escape Make-Believe Town
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Falcon The Saint	Under Arrest Martin Kane Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Earn Your Vacation Arthur Godfrey's Digest
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Counterspy Dimension X	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Author Meets the Critics The Greatest Story Ever Told	Meet Frank Sinatra Eric Sevareid

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Big Show with Tallulah Bankhead	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Norman Brokenshire	Charley Wild, Private Eye Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Peter Salem Juvenile Jury	Dick Wallace Show The Mystery File	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hedda Hopper Theater Guild on the Air	Singing Marshall Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Bergen-McCarthy Show Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Tales of Texas Rangers	Opera Concert Gabriel Heatter George F. Eliot	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons American Album of Music	Meet Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	$64 Question American Forum of the Air	Oklahoma City Symphony	Ginny Simms Paul Harvey George Sokolsky	Contented Hour The Choraliers

HELEN MACK—one of the most beautiful directors in radio, brings years of acting experience to her production chores on Meet Corliss Archer, heard Sundays at 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

CATHY LEWIS—of My Friend Irma (CBS, Mon. 10 P.M. EST) plays the role of Jane, a brilliant girl, well educated and intensely practical. People who know her insist it's a piece of type casting. After school and a short period of singing with Ray Noble's band, she settled down at the Pasadena Playhouse, and eventually radio. She is married to Elliott Lewis, well known actor and producer of Suspense.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Una Mae Carlisle	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Lou Webb, Organist	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Radio City, U. S. A. Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Inner Sanctum Henry Taylor Una May Carlisle	Hollywood Star Playhouse Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Manhattan Maharajah	Murder By Experts War Front-Home Front	Martha Lou Harp Paul Harvey Johnny Desmond	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	NBC Symphony	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	United or Not John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk

IRENE RYAN—is the girl who makes Hope laugh every Tuesday night at 9 EST, on NBC. The wry-voiced comedienne made her debut in show business by winning an amateur contest at 11. After stock and vaudeville she turned to radio. Married to movie production executive Harold Knox, they live in Brentwood, California.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Lou Webb, Organist	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Radio City, U. S. A. Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Calvacade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Can You Top This? Metropolitan Auditions	Mystery Theatre Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Fibber McGee & Molly	John Steel Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Treasury Show	Life With Luigi Truth or Consequences
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	On Trial John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	Rate Your Mate Capitol Cloakroom

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Lou Webb, Organist	Kate Smith Speaks Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Playboys Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Byron Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty 5:55 Victor Borge	Jimmy Wakely Show Black Hawk 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Great Gildersleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	American Agent I Fly Anything	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Rogue's Gallery Mr. President	Harold Peary Show Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	The Big Story Night Beat	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	Boxing

ART BAKER—who is heard on his own show, Art Baker's Notebook (M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, ABC) recently celebrated his twelfth anniversary on the air. Born in New York's Bowery in 1898, he attended school in Philadelphia, was an understudy at Chicago Opera Company, and enlisted in World War I. After his discharge he headed for Hollywood. Married, he has four children, three grandchildren.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Lou Webb, Organist	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Playboys Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind The Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Rod and Gun Club 8:55 Bill Henry	Screen Guild Players	FBI in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet We, the People	Limerick Show Reporter's Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense James Hilton Playhouse
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Screen Director's Playhouse	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery This Is Europe	Time For Defense John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	The Line Up One Nation Indivisible

JACK BERCH—an Illinois boy, was born in Sigel in 1911. After graduating from St. Viator College, he worked as a drummer, salesman, announcer and singer. Coming to New York in 1935, he joined NBC, and may currently be heard M-F at 8:30 A.M. EST. Married to the former Margo Orwig, they have four children.

VIRGINIA KAYE—attractive New Yorker was recently chosen to portray the title role of Rosemary, heard M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, on CBS. At the early age of fifteen she earned a role in a Theatre Guild play, and soon established herself as a competent actress. Married to Broadway producer Kermit Bloomgarden, she has two sons.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	 Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Lou Webb, Organist	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Playboys Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind The Story	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty 5:55 Victor Borge	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Petite Concert Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Nero Wolfe Sam Spade	Bandstand, U. S. A. Emil Coleman 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Songs For Sale
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	The Magnificent Montague Duffy's Tavern	Army Air Force Show Vincent Lopez	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff 9:55 Harry Wismer	Report to the Nation Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Cavalcade of Sports John B. Kennedy	Rex Allen Capitol Cloakroom

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Coffee in Washington Boston Symphony in Rehearsal	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York Galen Drake Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mind Your Manners Mary Lee Taylor Show	Local Programs Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		Family Party Morton Downey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Archie Andrews Smilin' Ed McConnell	U. S. Marine Band Georgia Crackers	New Junior Junction Bill Watson Democracy on the Job	News, Phil Shadel 11:05 Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affairs Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm	Joe Franklin Record Shop American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station 12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm and Home Hour Coast Guard on Parade	Everett Holles Jerry & Skye Bishop's Orchestra	Navy Hour American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Voices Down the Wind U. S. Army Band	Dunn On Discs	Metropolitan Opera	Music With the Girls
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45		Cumberland Valley Barn Dance		Adventure In Science Report From Overseas Farm News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45		Bands For Bonds Sport Parade		Make Way For Youth
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Wayne Howell Show	True or False Caribbean Crossroads	Tea and Crumpets Club Time	Reporters' Scratchpad At The Chase

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Herman Hickman Voices and Events	Music Preston Sellers Helen Westbrook	Saturday Strings Harry Wismer Talking It Over	News Memo From Lake Success Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Living, 1950 People Are Funny	Al Helfer, Sports Twin Views of the News Comedy of Error 7:55 Cecil Brown	Robert R. Nathan Bert Andrews Buzz Adlam's Playhouse	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dangerous Assignment The Man Called X	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Shoot the Moon Merry Go Round	Gene Autry Hopalong Cassidy
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Dennis Day	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	What Makes You Tick? Jay Stewart Show	Gangbusters My Favorite Husband
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova Grand Ole Opry	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock Dixieland Jambake	Sing It Again

EDMOND O'BRIEN—the New York born and bred actor has lately deserted the Big City for Hollywood. After graduation from Fordham he appeared with Maurice Evans as Prince Hal in "Henry IV." Reversing the typecasting legend he now portrays hardboiled detectives and is heard as the quick-on-the-trigger investigator on CBS' Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar, Sat., 7 P.M. EST.

POETRY

NIGHT WATCHER

Potomac flows as gently as before
When I was walking by its side;
The slender sailboats set at anchor ride
Just as they did then, near the greening shore.
Mount Vernon and its gardens are no more
Altered than the river; breezes glide
Out on the velvet lawn and push the tide.
Above the chimneys hawks and swallows soar.
Here is no change; the slender pillars stand
Each in its place. Around the homestead miles
Of fragrant pastures spread, and maples keep
Their ancient watch upon the verdant land.
Prosperity is here and plenty smiles.
What is it then that will not let me sleep?

—Pansye Powell

MOUNTAIN POND

Evening comes slowly here where afternoon
Has tipped pine shadows over half drowned logs.
And yellow lilies as smooth as cream hold up.
The rust of sundown in each waxen cup.
Here is cathedral silence, and the peaks
Mirrored in amber gleam of placid water.
Here on the willow leaf the dragon fly
Clings like a faded raveling of the sky.
The white dark hills withdraw in the dusk
The still pond holds dreamlike, the dying day
Reluctant to give over to the night
This peaceful hour, this little pool of night.

—F. Elkin

BIRCHES

Birches are to me like watching urchins
Standing silent and suppressed
When you pass.
Turn your back and they are making mischief
Whispering and scuffing toes
In the grass.

—Louise Galbraith Hill

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 1, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

"DECORATING IS FUN"

By
TERRY
BURTON

Leading designer Dorothy Draper, well known for her vividly imaginative approach to interior decorating advises Terry "to experiment with color—the Drab Age is over."

"Decorating is Fun." That's the topic internationally famous interior decorator Dorothy Draper discussed when she visited the Burton family as Family Counselor. It's also the title of one of her books.

Mrs. Draper, who has been credited with originating most of today's home furnishing trends, told us anyone can do his own decorating and make a success out of it. She insists, "It takes more imagination than money."

When I asked her how a novice at the game gets started, her answer was this, "Without benefit of technical knowledge, we have five powerful friends to guide us. They are: Courage, Color, Balance, Smart Accessories and Comfort.

"The very first thing you need doesn't cost a penny. You need courage to experiment, courage to seek out your own taste and express it, courage to disregard stereotyped ideas and try out your own.

Color, after you have your courage to experiment well in hand, is the next important fundamental. The Drab Age is over. Color has come into its own. It's easy to experiment with color by getting pieces of wallpaper, color sample and samples of fabric. Pin them on the wall, study them—then make up your mind.

"Balance in a room is desperately important," Mrs. Draper feels. "For instance, there are simple tricks that make a room look longer, wider, other tricks that will disguise a bulky sofa, and so forth."

The fourth point that Mrs. Draper talked about in great length was smart accessories and details. These she told us either make or break a room. In her own words, "It is just as disastrous to have the wrong accessories in your room as it is to wear sport shoes with an evening dress."

In closing, Mrs. Draper told us that no room can be called perfect unless it has real comfort. She urged us to plan a room for the people who live in it and to think of their habits as you arrange or rearrange your furniture.

TUNE IN: Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday-Friday at 2 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsor: General Foods.

She's Engaged!

The engagement of radiant Norma Dishington to Frederick W. Wahlers was announced in the New York society columns in May. Norma is having a February wedding in the "Little Church Around the Corner," and a wonderful honeymoon in South America.

She's Lovely!

You feel friends with Norma the minute you meet her! Her sparkling eyes, her brilliant smile, the smooth-as-satin look of her truly lovely complexion—all make her face an *enchanting picture* of her interesting, charming Inner Self. You can see that she is someone lots of fun to know!

Norma's Ring

Norma Dishington—her complexion has the fresh, glowing look that is so charming!

She uses Pond's!

"When you look your prettiest—it steps up your confidence", Norma says

It certainly does something for a girl's morale—when she looks her very nicest!

And Norma feels that a clear and soft complexion is extra important to every girl's good looks. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin thoroughly without drying it," she says. "It's a wonderful softener, too."

You, too, will find this simple Pond's beauty care a magic treatment. Use it *every* night (and morning). *This way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Isn't it lovely—how super-clean your face feels! How soft and glowing it looks!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—and yourself. When you look your best, a happy confidence radiates from the real you within, attracts other people to you on sight.

Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

R
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START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU

Perplexed *what to use for* INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?

Then Learn About the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Method Which Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors have proved one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They are greaseless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication — so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of *the most effective methods.* Zonitors are *so powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues. Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is this dainty suppository!

Easy to Use . . .

Zonitors are so easily inserted and they *keep on* releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, *modernized* method.

Zonitors

(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-21, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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*Offer good only in U. S.

TWENTY YEAR MAN

Anyone who owns a radio has heard the voice of Ben Grauer—and more than once.

Ben Grauer's adventures with a microphone have taken him through two decades of action-packed announcing

Dear Mr. Grauer:
You talk too much on the air.
Very truly yours,
Mrs. C.A.R.
Depue, Ill.
P. S. Don't bother to answer this letter. Just shut up.

This frankly unappreciative little note is announcer Ben Grauer's favorite fan letter. Possibly he values it because it is one of the few discordant notes in a career that has won more honors and broken more records than any other in his particular field. Some unknown mathematical wizard has figured that Ben's voice has come over the air on more than 70,000 occasions and that at an average, conservative Nielsen rating of 10 (which means that an estimated ten million persons have heard him on each of these occasions), individual listeners have heard the Grauer voice *seven hundred billion* times. To get that conclusion, just multiply seventy thousand airings by ten million people on each airing. What all these figures boil down to is this: Ben Grauer is the most-often-heard man in history.

In his twenty years' partnership with a microphone, Ben has covered everything from the Easter Parade to U.N. meetings. He's reported the sandhogs working on the Lincoln Tunnel and a white tie opening at the Metropolitan Opera. He flew with the airlift and reported it from Berlin. He interviewed the first survivor of the Morro Castle disaster and was the only radio reporter in Israel when Count Bernadotte was assassinated. He gave away the first dollar on Pot O' Gold and spent sixteen consecutive hours reporting the Truman-Dewey presidential results in 1948. He's emceed a goat beauty contest for the opening of the Bock Beer Season and was the first to cover the broadcast of an orchestra from a plane in flight. He's been at every presidential inauguration since 1936 and every U.N. meeting since San Francisco. His best broadcast? He considers it to be the one he did of Eisenhower's triumphal return in 1945.

One of Ben's first shows twenty years ago almost proved his undoing. Carrie Chapman Catt, the suffragette, was a guest speaker. Mrs. Catt spoke rapidly and finished with twenty seconds to spare. The fledgling announcer, confused said, "Mrs. Catt, we are deepful gratly to you!" Another fluff he recalls occurred while reporting an Easter Day Parade. He spied Lucius Boomer, who was then president of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, strolling down Fifth Avenue, and commented, "There goes one of New York's beloved citizens—Mr. Lucius Bloomer."

Ben was born on Staten Island, New York, on June 2, 1908 which entitles him to membership in the category of species which has been classified as "that rare bird, the native New Yorker." It also makes him inordinately young for so varied and lengthy a career.

As a child actor in the embryonic days of the movies, he appeared in D. W. Griffith's "The Idol Dancer," and as George Bassett in an early version of "Penrod." At the College of the City of New York, Ben majored in English, edited the literary journal and nearly flunked public speaking. But when he graduated in 1930 with a B.S.S., he had won a prize for extemporaneous speaking.

It was in the fall of 1930 that he first walked into the studios at NBC. He went for a dramatic audition but came out with an announcer's contract. Early in his new career, he lined up with announcers to audition for a program sponsored by a bologna company. Each was to be given the same commercial to read. Ben was first and read it, pronouncing the product "baloney." The program director, after the reading, said in horrified tones to Grauer, "I should have told you we pronounce it *bah-low-na.*" Ben was crestfallen at having muffed the opportunity. The rest of the announcers read the script giving the product the corrected pronounciation. When all the auditions were finished, the sponsor pointed to Grauer and beamed, "I'll take the man who says it like I make it."

JOAN FONTAINE
co-starring in
the Hal Wallis production
"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"
A Paramount Picture

"Be Lux Lovely"... says Joan Fontaine

"My beauty care does wonders for the skin"—

Joan Fontaine says: "Here's a simple beauty care that really *works.* I smooth on Lux Soap's rich lather and work it well into my skin." *Active lather cleanses gently, but so thoroughly.*

"I rinse with warm water—finish with a quick cold rinse. Already my skin feels softer—smoother." *Yes, this daily active lather care gives million-dollar complexions protection they need.*

"Then I pat very gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin looks so radiantly fresh!" *Try this care screen stars use and be delighted with the quick new beauty Lux Soap gives your skin!*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"Such a Good Person!"

(*Continued from page* 33)

technique was impressive. I asked the director about her and he told me that her name was Gertrude Berg and that she had started a program of her own a few days before. It was called The Rise of the Goldbergs. I didn't think much more about it until a few days later when the woman who had played "Mrs. Cohen" stopped me in the hallway at the studio and thanked me for writing a good review about her program. When she found out that I was Howard's mother and not the newspaperwoman she had mistaken me for, she wasn't embarrassed at all. Instead she laughed and said,

"Come have a soda with me, Mrs. Merrill."

Over a fifteen-cent soda, on the site which now houses Tiffany, the fancy-priced jeweler, I found out more about Gertrude Berg. She was thirty-one and happily married, with two children. She was born in Manhattan but most of her childhood was spent in the Delaware County mountains where her parents and grandparents owned a small hotel. They encouraged her dancing and recitations and sometimes allowed her to put on one-girl shows for the hotel guests.

Naturally, I didn't learn everything that afternoon. But I did find out that Molly's creator and counterpart is the most generous woman I've ever known. When we had finished our sodas and chatted for an hour or so, Mrs. Berg asked me to join her while she went Christmas shopping. I hadn't finished my own that year so I was happy to go along with her.

We wandered in and out of the beguilingly decorated shops on Fifth Avenue. As I watched the exquisite and expensive gifts Mrs. Berg bought, I wondered if she had told me the truth about her limited means—she received only seventy-five dollars a week for the program—and her simple way of living. It didn't make sense to me that she should shop so lavishly. I must admit that when she asked me to go home with her and help her wrap the gifts, I accepted as much out of curiosity as out of a genuine desire to help my new found friend.

The Berg apartment was six neat rooms on Riverside Drive and 99th Street. I remember that there were butcher linen curtains, lovely antiques and an aura of general good taste. The whole effect was just the way Gertrude had described it—"simple, but nice."

There I met Gertrude's husband, Lewis, who is a chemical engineer. Knowing that his wife's great vitality had to have a broader outlet than a six-room apartment, he had blessed her script-writing efforts.

That day in 1929 I also met the Berg children—Harriet, who was still in a high chair, and Cherney, who was in kindergarten. A nurse took care of the children when Gertrude was at the studio.

I could tell that it was a happy home. The same vibrancy and affection which Molly brings to Rosalie and Jake and Sammy, Gertrude brought—still brings—to Lewis and Harriet and Cherney. Like Molly, Gertrude's warmth kindles other people's lives, too. She made me tell her about myself and my son. All this time we were wrapping her Christmas packages. At twilight, I literally had to tear myself away.

"I must go now," I said, moving toward the door.

Gertrude moved with me.

"This is for you, darling," she said, slipping one of the gaily wrapped packages under my arm. "You picked it out. Wear it well."

I remember that I couldn't speak for the moment. There was a dry feeling in my mouth. Then I wet my lips, thanked her and said goodnight. Waiting for the downtown bus, I felt certain that Santa Claus was a plump and jolly person named Gertrude Berg. And through the years I have become more and more convinced about her associations with the North Pole. Even my becoming Gertrude's secretary stemmed out of her great consideration for others.

Not long after The Rise of the Goldbergs started on the air, fan mail began to arrive in floods. Gertrude was overwhelmed. She wanted to answer every single letter, but between running her house, caring for the children and writing the weekly half-hour script, she could find no time for the letters.

At that time a friend of mine, Alice, was in difficulties. She was a widow with a baby and needed a job which would not take her away from her apartment. When Gertrude asked my advice on how to deal with all that mail, I immediately thought of Alice.

"Pay her a dollar an hour," I suggested, "and let her handle it from her home." She agreed but at the end of the first week when I told her that Alice had put in ten hours, Gertrude was reluctant to pay her ten dollars.

"How can you ask anyone to work for a dollar an hour?" she asked, and wrote out a check for fifteen dollars.

A few months later, Alice was able to make arrangements to have someone take care of the baby while she took a full time job. She asked Mrs. Berg to look for someone else. Again Gertrude turned to me.

"What are we going to do? Those people expect their letters to be answered."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "I'll look after them this week and we'll see if we can't get someone else later on. This week you'll save your money. It's for free—on me."

At the end of the week Gertrude insisted that I accept payment for my work. Maybe you know from watching the program, that you can't argue with Molly when her mind is made up. Gertrude is no different. That's how it became a job lasting these past twenty-one years.

The popularity of the Goldbergs continued to rise. I'll never forget the day I was with Gertrude at the studios when a man representing Pepsodent toothpaste introduced himself. He offered her a commercial sponsor and a contract to write six fifteen-minute programs a week.

"How can I write six programs a week!" my boss asked, frightened at the prospect of turning out so many scripts.

"We're willing to pay you $2,000 a week, Mrs. Berg," the man said.

A change came over Gertrude. But it was the voice of Molly which responded.

"So who can't write six scripts a week?" she said, dismissing the light chore. It was a deal. Within a few months, the Goldbergs was one of the top programs on the air. Fan mail tripled. Every actor in New York wanted to appear on the show. Other sponsors and advertising agencies made overtures to Gertrude. Did the sudden and stunning success change her? Not at all. She was the same jovial, kindly human being I'd become devoted to one day in November not quite two years before.

The only changes were those wrought by an increased income. The Berg family moved to a duplex apartment on Central Park West. There was more room and more fine furniture, but the same good taste prevailed.

Even I moved to a nicer apartment. I could afford it, too. My duties by now were no longer concentrated on fan mail. We had another girl for that job. I became casting director, executive secretary and all-around trouble shooter for the program.

Gertrude, of course, had to work a great deal harder than before. There is a vast difference between turning out one half-hour show a week and six fifteen-minute ones. That schedule did not vary until recently. Now Gertrude writes only a half-hour program each week for television. But the amount of work is equal to the six day schedule. Perhaps it's even harder for her, because the stories must be planned for sight as well as for sound.

This planning begins at six o'clock each morning in a Park Avenue apartment. There Gertrude Berg seats herself at a small card table and breathes life into Molly Goldberg of Tremont Avenue, The Bronx. For three hours these two individuals merge into one, facing similar problems and solving them together. Molly's crises are genuine, but her gentle criticisms of what's wrong with the world and her sometimes unorthodox ways of solving problems are always entertainment.

There was the time, for instance, when Rosalie was Snow White and the neighbors' children were cast as the Seven Dwarfs in a community play. The neighbors rebelled at the secondary roles for their children and refused to sell tickets for the play. Molly hit on the idea of making seven Snow Whites and only one dwarf. The show went on.

Then there was the time Molly forced Jake into a hobby. Art seemed to be a proper one for a middle-aged businessman, but Jake took it so seriously that he began posing and dressing like a Parisian attic painter. He eventually abandoned it but not before Molly herself learned that it's sometimes a good idea to let well enough alone.

Gertrude's own touch doesn't differ much from Molly's. I remember the time her young niece, the bride of a college student, was about to start married life in a furnished room. Unknown to the couple, Gertrude found a lovely three-room apartment and had it furnished from a Fifth Avenue store. Then she brought them to see it.

"This is a better way to start out in life," she announced to the wide-eyed bride and groom.

Once someone called her attention to the plight of an old couple in New Jersey. Their house had been condemned and they had no place to go. Bristling with anger and energy, Gertrude went out and found an apartment

for them. She furnished it completely, even to putting a chicken in the refrigerator. Then she had me bring the old folks to their new home. 'Til this day Gertrude continues to pay their rent.

Actors and actresses in need turn to her—and never go away empty-handed. Why should they is her philosophy. She has been known to pay some members of her cast in advance because they needed the money. And just about everyone who ever works on the show must spend at least one week-end at her home in Bedford Hills, New York.

Gertrude's own family has been treated as tenderly and generously as the family on Tremont Avenue. Despite her career, she's a wife and mother first. Of primary concern to her is her children's happiness. Both have finished college and mean to have careers in radio. Cherney is interested in music, Harriet in writing. And Mr. Berg, though nothing like the irascible Jake, is just as adoring of his wife and children.

Gertrude writes from memory and incorporates into her scripts what has happened in her own life. It was she who first put the bicarbonate of soda in the cake that so distressed Molly. But Gertrude commits no such culinary errors when making her famous gefulte fish or kreplach—nor would she allow Molly to!

Gertrude doesn't mouth those famous malapropisms of Molly's either. But she does write them and the Princeton University Library honored her a few years ago by requesting sample Goldberg scripts "as representatives of one of the best serials on the air." Scholars of the future will come across such typically Molly expressions as "So tell me what's revolving in the world . . . I'm slightly better dear, extremely slightly . . . I'm putting on my bathrobe and condescending the stairs" and, of course, her famous "grosgrain headache." One Mollyism in particular should delight that eminent Princeton resident, Dr. Albert Einstein: "You can't stop evolution. It's the law of gravity."

Last summer Paramount Pictures asked Gertrude to come out to Hollywood and make a picture for them. Everyone in the cast went. Gertrude took eight days to write the script, and nineteen days later the entire picture was finished. Experts and executives in Hollywood were amazed. But Molly's creator was modest when asked how long it had taken to write the film.

"Eight days," she replied. "No, say ten days. I don't want to sound like a show-off."

Critics, reviewers and reporters have tried to put their fingers on the keys that spell out Gertrude's success. They have tried to analyze Molly's appeal and to understand why the public loves her. I've tried, too, because I'm so very fond of her. It may not be the same reason that distant audiences have. But to me she is human and it is her humanity that draws me to her. It may also be what my son, Howard, once said about her.

"Mother," he told me, "Gertrude Berg and Molly are four dimensional human beings. The fourth dimension is reflection—people see themselves mirrored in Molly."

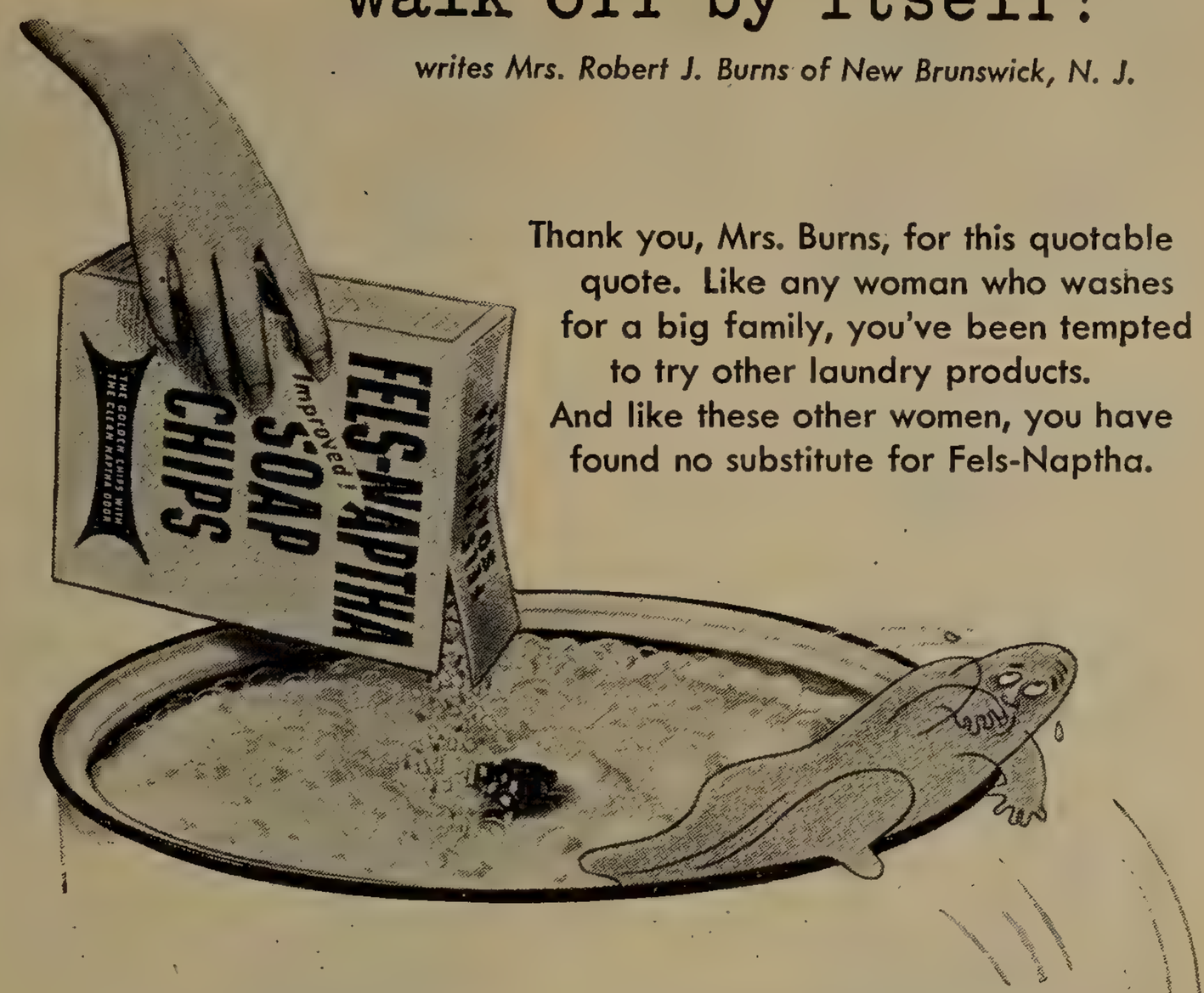
Maybe he has something. After all, he was the one who discovered her for me.

Too, it may be as an admirer wrote: "There's no one quite like Molly. She's such a *good* person."

I don't think anyone doubts that!

"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.



Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a big family, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha's mild golden soap and gentle, active naptha *plus* the new "sunshine" ingredients make white clothes *whiter* and colored fabrics *brighter*. May you and all Fels-Naptha's friends live long and prosper—and may Fels-Naptha always make your washdays lighter and shorter.

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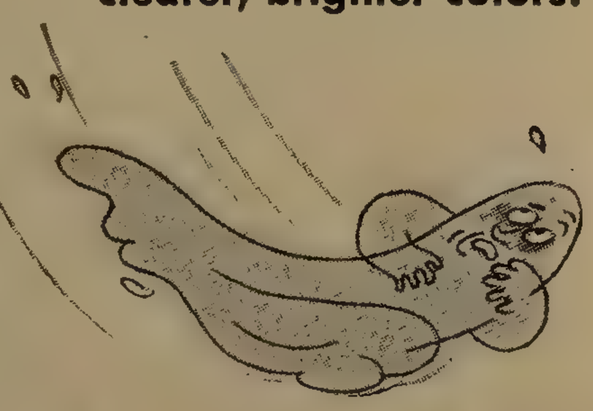

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Sparkling example Mary claims "no girl can allow her personality to shine unless she is well groomed." Here she adds scented finishing touches.

What MAKES MARY PRETTY?

The Peter Lind Hayes Show can be seen Thursdays, 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor—Borden Milk Products.

Peter Lind Hayes says love makes a woman look her prettiest. Mary Healy agrees, love—and a beauty routine

Mary Healy has the kind of beauty you don't forget. You study her and wonder what it is that makes her so wonderful to look at. Is it those beautiful eyes? Is it her contagious smile? Or is it her shining hair clipped to perfection? Which of these assets makes her so very attractive?

If you ask comedian Peter Lind Hayes about this, he gives you a sly wink and says: "Sure, she's beautiful. And, it's love that does it. She's married to a wonderful guy!" He's right, of course. She's happily married to him.

You can get a good look at this husband and wife team on their NBC television show. Mary is radiant whether she's laughing at the comic antics of Peter or singing a hit song for you. How does she manage to be so well groomed when she plays the dual role of housewife and mother to two-year-old Michael Hayes plus being a successful singing-actress?

"I have a system," claims Mary. "I learned no girl can be completely poised unless she *knows* she looks her best. Then she can relax and be herself. There are many obvious ways of self-grooming, but most important is neatness. Never allow yourself to become so busy that you haven't time to shampoo your hair. Don't wait because you think no one will notice. They will.

"Then there's the matter of your manicure. Chipped nails tell the world that you are a sloppy person. No excuses, now! You could have repaired them last night.

"When I won the Miss New Orleans beauty contest, it helped to launch me as a vocalist with a band which meant that I had to practically live out of a suitcase. My beauty routine became streamlined —I attended to the important things and learned to make moments count. With that training, I find it easy to be on our show and make other appearances. Yet, I still run my household and find time to bring up my son. So, get a hustle on, you can have a system, too!"

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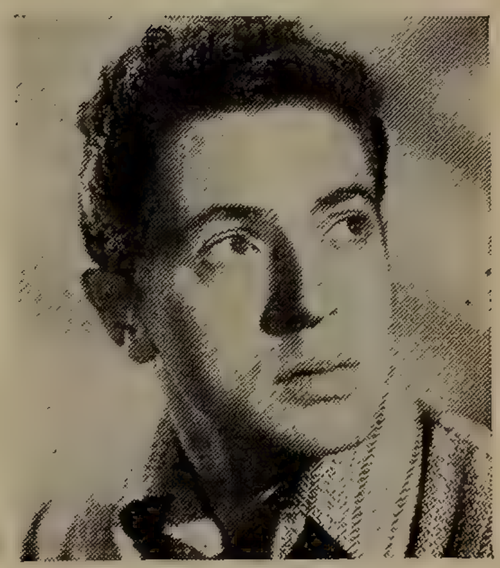
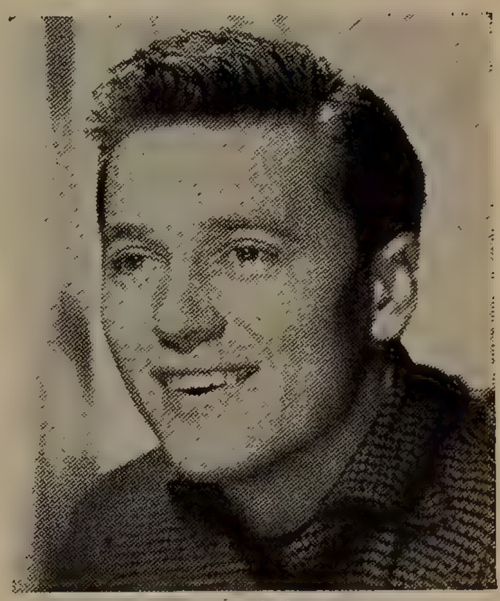


Farley Granger

June Allyson



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Yes, we send gorgeous style presentation showing a vast complete selection of gorgeous, exquisitely designed Harford Frocks—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of beautiful fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns, as well as hosiery, lingerie, suits, children's wear, sportswear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be eager to give you their orders when they see the beauty of the styles, the huge selection and learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES. And for sending orders for only 3 dresses at the low regular prices . . . **You can select your own dress to be sent to you** WITHOUT PAYING ONE CENT for it! And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress . . . a complete wardrobe for yourself and family!

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Yes, you can earn big cash income — up to $23.00 in a week besides getting complete wardrobe for yourself — EASY! Mail coupon now for complete Style Line, giving dress size,

HARFORD FROCKS
Dept. D-214. Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Mail Coupon for FREE Style Line!

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Please rush me the new Harford Frocks Style Line and full details of your offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

DRESS SIZE _____ AGE _____

THE CONTESTANT

Just for the laughs, emcee Jay C. Flippen of the CBS quiz show, Earn Your Vacation, portrays some of the contestants who have appeared on the other side of his microphone. Earn Your Vacation, which is heard at 4:00 P.M. EST, Sun. on CBS, has sent winners to all parts of the world with expenses paid.

The Sad Sack: This man is sure that someone is about to take advantage of him, even though the producer allows wrong answers providing they don't come twice in succession.

The Haughty Matron: This gal defies anyone to make fun of her. All she wants is to answer four questions in a row correctly, collect the travel ticket, money—and get going!

Wise Guy: This man knows all the answers or wants the audience to think so. If he misses it won't be his fault. It'll be just because some fool thought up a stupid question.

Tough Guy: He carries a chip on his shoulder and he's ready to argue with anybody. He doesn't mind how much the audience laughs—just so he is the one who cracks the jokes.

"I'm Just A Housewife": She's shy as a violet but don't let the timid approach fool you. This is the type of contestant who wins those fabulous trips to Europe and South America.

The Winnah: This happy gal has answered four consecutive questions. She may have given a wrong answer but never two in a row. Whatever destination she chose—she's on the way!

My Boss, Don McNeill

(*Continued from page* 53)

happen in this business, let me tell you. One big point of difference between the Breakfast Club operations and that of a lot of other shows is this: in our office there's a frank acknowledgement that we're all individual human beings, not machines. As individuals, we're entitled to our bad days as well as our good ones. As humans, we're entitled to the human weakness of making a mistake once in a while.

Don sets the pace. I've known times when, beset with the idea I was carrying the woes of the world on my shoulders, I've stumbled in to dump some particularly pesky thing on him. It's then that I swear the man is psychic. In the first instant he senses my state of mind, in the second, he grasps the problem, and in the third he's making some wisecrack which dissipates my irritation swiftly as sticking a pin into a balloon. I laugh, go back to my desk, and settle things easily.

In return, the rest of us recognize that Don, too, faces times when problems pile up. When that happens, he becomes very quiet and remote. As you might expect, Sam Cowling and Cliff Petersen are particularly adept at breaking up such moods.

Cliff will wander into Don's office, take the phone and start some outrageous conversation, usually in Swedish dialect. He'll continue until Don realizes he couldn't possibly be talking to anyone, and starts to grin.

Sam acts out gags. Once, when a glance through the door showed him this was one of Don's remote days, Sam went to the prop room, put on a pair of overalls, picked up a broom, returned to Don's office and began to sweep. Within minutes, they were laughing uproariously and swapping puns.

Such things set up at Breakfast Club more of a family attitude than a business office situation, and it reaches its peak on birthdays.

You've never seen a group of adults who pay so much attention to birthdays. As you might expect, the whole gang loves surprise parties. Some have been staged elaborately as television shows, and others happen on the spur of the moment in Don's office.

His office is a good setting for them for it's informally furnished, much like a living room. There are sofas along one wall, a deep rug on the floor, and comfortable rattan chairs standing around. Color scheme is gray, rose-beige and deep green.

On Don's own birthday, December 23, we stack his big desk high with presents. None cost more than a quarter, but we've shopped the stores looking for the silliest toys and most intricate gadgets we can find. Coming in from Breakfast Club, he'll pretend to be surprised. We stand around offering advice while he opens them. When the fun and foolishness is at its height, Sam strolls in with his own contribution—a poem, always as long as your arm, built of tortured rhyme to express an impossible idea.

Girls who work in offices will be interested in another thing, too. At our office, we never have any wife trouble. Kay McNeill is just exactly the way she sounds on the air—delightful, witty, kind. Forgive me if I put a small, shiny halo around her head, but all of us come close to idolizing Kay. And we

FAMOUS NUDES

Which type is your baby?

THE VAMP . . . very vain and no wonder. Mennen Baby Oil is her beauty secret. It keeps skin softer, smoother, sweeter, cleaner. Saves money, too!

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER . . . English translation: "Feel how silky Mennen Baby Oil makes me!" Gives petal-soft protection against diaper rash, many other skin irritations.

THE ACROBAT . . . the head-to-toe happy type. Gets Mennen Baby Oil (with gentle Lanolin) smooth-down after each bath, with each diaper change!

TOUGH GUY . . . demands not only comfort, but entertainment! Gets *both* with Mennen Baby Powder. (1) Finest, softest powder made, with that rosebud scent everyone loves! (2) Gay Built-in Rattle makes powder time play time. (3) Entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can.

Happy babies get both-every day!

Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

R
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Reduce
This Common Sense Way

"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce *The Common Sense Way.* There is no magic at all about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen stars—successfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

New Edition Now Ready

A brand new edition of Sylvia's famous book, *No More Alibis*, is now ready for you. This edition contains all the text matter of the original book, plus the greatest part of her splendid book on personality development entitled *Pull Yourself Together, Baby.* Now get Sylvia's secrets of charm as well as beauty! The price of this new edition is only $1 postpaid. Order today while supply is still available.

Partial Contents—New Edition

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R
M

each have some little story about how she takes us into her heart and helps out when we need it most.

My time of need came recently when my brother-in-law died of polio. He was ill only four days. The shock struck his two-year-old Kathy the hardest. Poor little tyke, she sensed something terrible had happened, and she wouldn't leave her crib.

With worry about the baby, the pressure of arrangements, and our own grief, my sister and I were frantic, and our mother was becoming ill. And there's where Kay McNeill stepped in. The day of the funeral she arrived at my sister's house, went right to Kathy, murmuring "The little darlin'." Kathy, who had not let anyone touch her, held out her arms and cuddled down on Kay's shoulder. Kay bundled Kathy, my mother and the two older children—Peggy, eight and Terry, five—into the car and took them to her home. She had gifts and games for the kids and rest and consolation for mother. By evening, the crisis of their grief was past. When they returned, the children were quiet and my mother looked ten years younger.

With such understanding to depend upon, it's easy for Kay and me to become partners in arranging Don's schedules. No star can fully separate his public life from his private life. Social engagements and business appointments must be fitted together. Particularly when the show goes on tour, Kay must know the plans so that, among other things, Don will take along the proper wardrobe. Our telephone conversations will run like this:

I'll say, "Probably Don will want to wear that checked sports coat to the broadcast and change to his light blue suit for the civic luncheon. There'll be photographers around and it's better for pictures than the dark suits."

Kay will answer, "Oh, my goodness, I'd better send it to the cleaners. We have to keep Himself looking handsome."

The need for the two of us to take care of such details points up the changes since I first came to Breakfast Club. Originally, Don, Sam, Cliff and I could manage alone. Then, as demands on Don's time became heavier, Jim Bennett came in to help with business arrangements, and Fred Montiegel to handle the year book and public relations.

Naturally, we needed more stenographers and secretaries, too, but the increase in staff was gradual until last Fall, when Don McNeill's TV Club went on the air. Eventually a producer joined the staff, writers came in, and other assistants have been added until the office is crowded. While we still maintain our happy-family attitude, we recognize that what started out as one man at a microphone has become a big business.

The variety of my own work makes me wonder now why I ever dallied with the thought of becoming an actress. My day starts at 5:30 A.M. when my alarm clocks ring a duet. One is near my bed and the other on a dresser—so that I have to get up to shut it off. (All of us live in fear of oversleeping.) I dash to my kitchenette to put on the coffee, and by the time it's perked, I'm dressed. Sam or Cliff picks me up at 6:15, we stop at the office to get late messages, show continuity, Don's personal notebook and the commercials, then rush to ABC's Civic Theater. By 7:30, I have sorted the audience interview cards and given the best to Don for his final selection. During the show I'll either make notes on outstanding interviews or sit in for Lou Perkins, the assistant producer, whenever he leaves the control room.

Returning to the Merchandise Mart, I'll have breakfast with Jim Bennett and Fred Montiegel at the M and M Club. Sometimes Don joins us, but usually he eats a bowl of Kix and drinks a cup of tea at his desk.

Back in the office, I sort Don's personal mail, answer letters at his dictation and do the detail work of handling his financial affairs. I'll also keep him on schedule for meetings with sponsors, advertising agencies and staff. Now that television rehearsals are added, it's difficult to find enough hours in the day. I try also to plot so he has a little time to himself for rest and relaxation.

My working day ends somewhere between 3 P.M. and 10 P.M. Needless to say, dates must be restricted to week ends, and sometimes even then, work interferes. Much as I love to dance, play golf, go hiking or fix a company dinner, the demands of Breakfast Club come first.

Why, now that the glamor point is long past, do I continue to love it? I find my answer in letters from you listeners. One of my jobs is to select the poems used on Breakfast Club, and when day after day, I read intimate, personal accounts of what a poem or Prayer Time has meant to people hundreds of miles distant, it is reward enough. I feel, and Don and all the staff members feel, that if we can bring satisfaction, enjoyment or help to so many listeners, we have found useful work to do in this world.

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"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon

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25 QUIZ QUESTIONS that WON a FORTUNE

(*Continued from page 35*)

These are the fortune-winning answers:

1. There is no definite age requirement for members of the Supreme Court.
2. The peninsula of Athos is womanless.
3. Tele is a word element meaning "distant," especially transmission over a distance.
4. "Summer Holiday" was adapted from "Ah, Wilderness."
5. The name of the superfort was "The Lucky Lady."
6. The writer is Samuel Hopkins Adams.
7. The author is Oliver Wendell Holmes.
8. The name is March.
9. The baseball star is George Kelly.
19. The picture was "Dance, Fools, Dance."
11. The stars were Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.
12. Lake Maracaibo is in Venezuela.
13. President Warren G. Harding.
14. She is (Mary) Margaret Truman.
15. He is Adam.
16. (a) false; (b) false; (c) true; (d) true; (e) true.
17. The author was Abraham Lincoln.
18. The author was Horace Greeley.
19. (a) true; (b) true; (c) false; (d) true; (e) true.
20. Lyricism, eroticism, mysticism, animalism and cannibalism.
21. A new-born kangaroo is smaller than a mouse.
22. Answer, "Tarzan."

    (*Note: John Reed King's answer was "Bulldog Drummond" series, with nine different actors. The woman contestant believed the "Tarzan" series had ten actors. A further check proved she was right, but that the "Bulldog Drummond" series actually had eleven different actors. However, the contestant was awarded the prize.*)
23. "Mona Lisa" by Leonardo da Vinci.
24. The word is "matriculate."
25. St. Louis, St. Edward, St. Michael, St. Augustine and St. Charles.

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Before your daughter marries, she has every right to know how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), her health, charm, after her periods, for marriage happiness. She should know how very important it is to combat an odor which is even graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she may not even detect.

And isn't it wonderful to be able to reassure your daughter that *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is* SO POWERFUL *yet* SAFE *to tissues* as modern ZONITE. (If you have the slightest doubt about this—send for proof in free booklet below.)

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ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

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Have You Seen?

JOAN LANSING

While everyone's busy making New Year resolutions that they'll probably not keep beyond a concentrated week or two, let's settle down for a look at a new "point of view" you'll have no trouble keeping up with all year long.

What's this peerless "point of view"? Just turn your television dial to your local American Broadcasting Company channel and view-what's-new in the program line. Great, eh? You bet it is, because the greatest names in entertainment are right there to give you hours and hours of pleasure.

For the kids, your local ABC television channel comes up with zippy programs such as SUPER CIRCUS, with ringmaster CLAUDE KIRCHNER, lovely MARY HARTLINE, the CIRCUS BAND and many colorful CLOWNS. . . . DICK TRACY is seen in weekly thrilling episodes; BUCK ROGERS and his daring exploits are here, too . . . as well as the swell ACROBAT RANCH show with "UNCLE JIM" . . . and the dog-gonnest program of all, cheerful CHESTER THE PUP.

For the "grown-ups," the ABC television "point of view" features high-light shows such as THE PAUL WHITEMAN GOODYEAR REVUE, with EARL WRIGHTSON and fabulous guest stars . . . SHOW-TIME . . . USA, featuring the theatre's most famous performers . . . HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST, with NEIL HAMILTON and starting-stars and starlets . . . THE COLLEGE BOWL, a musical comedy series starring the irrepressible CHICO MARX and Company . . . BEULAH, starring ETHEL WALTERS in comic situations . . . THE BILLY ROSE SHOW, offering punch-packed programs of Broadway life . . . CAN YOU TOP THIS . . . LIFE BEGINS AT 80, emceed by JACK BARRY . . . the rousing ROLLER DERBY . . . JOHN REED KING's gay CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . the favorite FIRST NIGHTER program . . . DON McNEILL'S TV CLUB with the whole gang . . . STOP THE MUSIC with bouncy BERT PARKS . . . DON AMECHE welcoming you to HOLIDAY HOTEL . . . BLIND DATE, festively femceed by ARLENE FRANCIS . . . I COVER TIMES SQUARE . . . the grand LIFE WITH LINKLETTER . . . the highly-scored PULITZER PRIZE PLAYHOUSE . . . THE STU ERWIN SHOW, "THE TROUBLE WITH FATHER" . . . and many exciting others that give you a choice "point of view." Be sure to check your newspapers' TV logs for exact time and day.

Joan Lansing

WHEN A GIRL

By JOAN DAVIS

After carefully reading and considering all the wise and interesting solutions which readers sent in answer to Mrs. D. C., who asked whether she should follow her Army husband to another post or remain in her present home so her teen-age daughter could have the security of school and friends, I feel that Mrs. James B. Christopher, of Pacific Grove, California, offered the soundest advice. RADIO MIRROR'S check for twenty-five dollars has been sent to Mrs. Christopher.

Now, here are other problem letters I've received, and my answers to them:

Dear Joan Davis:

I have the following problem:

My husband and I have been married over two years. We have a baby girl. I am twenty-one and my husband is twenty-eight. He is a good husband and father. I would like some more children but my husband does not want any more. Everytime I mention another baby he says no more for me. What can I do? Or what should I do? I do not like to bring up one child alone. Our daughter is fifteen months old already. I don't know whether his being twenty-eight years old has something to do about his not wanting anymore children or what. Could you help me solve my problem?

Mrs. E. S.

Dear Mrs. E. S.:

I think that perhaps you are overstressing the necessity for haste in raising your family. After all, you're very young—and so is your husband, although his twenty-eight years seem a large number to you! I do agree with you that an only child is often a lonely child, can become a child who finds it more difficult to adjust to the world in later life than one who has had to share with brothers and sisters. On the other hand, I do feel that it's unfair to bring children into the world when one is not able to provide adequately for them. Perhaps your husband would prefer to wait a little, to be sure he can give his children the security he wants to give them, before adding to the family. Inasmuch as your one child is only fifteen months old, I do think that you shouldn't feel the matter is a pressing one—let your baby enjoy her babyhood before another one comes along.

Dear Miss Davis:

My husband is kind in every other respect but he is jealous. If a salesman comes to the door and I buy something from him it's not the article I purchase, nor how much I paid for it—the fact is that I've spoken to another man, and for hours, sometimes days, my husband maintains absolute silence.

Whenever we are invited out to a party my husband will not go, nor will he give me permission to attend. Occasionally I feel that I should take part in some gathering; but having to go alone completely spoils the occasion for me. When we do go anywhere together I am uneasy because I know that my every move will be watched.

If I make the slightest friendly remark or even smile at anyone of the opposite sex, it ends up in having the wildest accusations hurled at me; and I am charged with wanting to do things which actually never even entered my mind. These are not healthy surroundings in which to rear children.

Why do I stick? For the sake of the children, and the hope that if I continue to do my best he will someday realize that all the sunshine in the world for me is right here with my husband and family. Am I right or wrong?

A. L.

Dear A. L.:

I think that you need advice of a kind other than what I can give you. Jealousy—at least so deep-rooted and unreasonable a sort as that which you describe in your husband—is a disease. Your husband needs the help of a person trained in mental and emotional disturbances—a doctor, psychiatrist, family counselor, or someone of the sort. Ask your family doctor for advice; or perhaps your minister can suggest the proper person to go to. Or there may be a family counseling service in your town. This is in a sense a medical problem, and thus one on which I'm not competent to advise you.

Dear Joan:

Where can I find the self-control and will power to hide my dismay when company comes over and I still have the cows to milk, supper to get, the children to wash and put to bed, to say nothing of dishes

When A Girl Marries is heard M-F at 5 P.M. EST

MARRIES

and cleaning up afterward? Friends criticize me for getting firm with the children, making them go to bed regardless of visitors. Folks come often, especially on nights when we warm our Finnish bathhouse or "sauna." Is it wrong of me to lead them into the living room, and go on with my work? I really love my work, but once someone comes, I'm all thumbs, and the men rush me with supper, and the children seem to sense this and go on a rampage. I try to be hospitable, and once my work is done I really enjoy people. However, until then, I am nervous and strained and have been accused of being unfriendly. What can I do?

Mrs. A. T.

Dear Mrs. A. T.:

It sounds to me as if you're more in need of assistance than self-control and will power! I see nothing wrong in being firm with the children—pleasantly firm—and sending them to bed at their regular hour. As for your work, surely these people who come to see you know that certain things must be done at certain times? Why not let the men congregate in one place with your husband, while you invite the ladies into the kitchen? Say something pleasant about wanting to chat, but having to go on with your work. They'll probably not only come to the kitchen and talk to you but will pitch in and help. On the other hand, when you specifically invite company for a certain time, you should set an hour when you know that you'll be able to have

(*Continued on page* 101)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except questions of health or law. No letters will be answered personally, but Joan Davis will choose the most interesting ones, the ones with the most universal appeal, for answering in these columns. To the writer of each letter so answered

RADIO MIRROR will pay $5.00

Choice of letters will be entirely in the hands of Joan Davis and the editors of Radio Mirror; no letters can be returned nor can correspondence be entered into concerning them. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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5. And—it's a dainty *greaseless* cream!

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Special Trial Offer!
Regular 40¢ size
NOXZEMA
SKIN CREAM
for only 29¢ *plus tax*
Limited Time Only at any drug or cosmetic counter

How to Win!

(*Continued from page* 29)

Perhaps you remember Willie Smith, raised in a North Carolina orphanage. His only teacher was the flickering image of Bill Robinson in the cinema. But when Willie's young buddies told him he was ready, Willie hitchhiked to New York for an audition and he was sensational. And there were and are others, hundreds of whom reached the ladder of success without professional coaching or encouragement.

So when you know from your teacher or your friends or in your heart that the time has arrived, let us audition you. We are friends and want to help.

Can anyone audition?

Not everyone. You must be an amateur. The fact that you have given public performances does not in itself disqualify you. But if you have received payments and earned your livelihood in whole from professional entertainment, then you are no longer an amateur.

Then, too, New York state laws prohibit us from presenting children under the age of seven and acrobats under sixteen years. But there are no other restrictions and no ceiling on age. The late Major Bowes once said, "An entertainer is never too late and never too old for show business."

We have many noted examples of older people who have appeared on the Original Amateur Hour and their personal reasons are quite different from those of the youngsters. There was Huey Kong, who sang with a unit several years, long enough to save enough money to open his own restaurant. Herbert Urbach auditioned at the age of forty-five, after his career as an Indianapolis speed driver had ended when he lost a leg in an accident. Surprisingly, he had worked up a routine as a dancer and was so good he began a new career as an entertainer. So as long as you're an amateur and not too young, you are welcome to audition.

What numbers should I perform?

We want you to bring along your entire repertoire. If you're a singer, we would like to hear a fair representation of the songs you do best. Perhaps, like some aspirants, you have prepared a hit novelty song when you really favor old-time ballads. If you are prepared to sing several different kinds of numbers, we will promptly decide what is best for you. It is possible that a singer will want to do on aria, a show tune, or an operatic excerpt or a love song. The same holds true for dancers or any other entertainer with different acts. You could prepare a ballet, or whatever else you have studied. Instrumentalists may wish to perform a bit of jazz, classical music and novelty music. Be prepared to demonstrate the full range of your talents for we may surprise you and decide that what you consider a lesser number is actually your best.

How long should my act be?

As long as you have something to show, we'll watch and listen. But each of your songs, dances, or what-have-you should not be over two minutes in length although your complete repertoire may total as much as fifteen minutes. We will be able to make preliminary judgment in a few minutes. Con-

centrate your best into a few minutes of work. It is unlikely that you will perform much longer anyway.

Should I bring my own music and accompanist?

You should certainly bring your own music whether you are singing, dancing or turning cartwheels. And your music should be marked for special changes in tempo, breaks, etc. You can bring your own accompanist, if you wish. However, we have an excellent pianist who will play anything from bebop to Brahms. He improvises and transposes at sight, and will co-operate fully.

How do I make an appointment for an audition?

You may write or call for an appointment. The mail address is The Original Amateur Hour, P. O. Box 191, Radio City, N.Y. and our telephone number is Murray Hill 7-7979.

We audition for radio and television broadcasts six days a week, on three afternoons and three evenings, in New York. But we do not encourage anyone to travel long distances to Manhattan because of the expense involved. If you are going to be in the city on a business trip or vacation, we will make a special date for you. And we'll make special arrangements for anyone whose job or school requires peculiar hours. We're at your service.

And if you do live in a distant part of the country, keep in mind that each week we salute a different city in all parts of the country. About a month before that city is honored, we audition in that area. You can make an appointment to try out in your own area by writing us or the local station that airs the Original Amateur Hour.

Mr. Mack, my child has a great deal of talent but is very nervous about making an audition. What would you advise?

This is a subject that could be treated by the volume, but is of such importance that I will touch on it here. One mother, for example, brought a little boy in to sing. It was obvious that the boy was nervous but his voice was not good and showed no promise. This was politely explained to the mother. She left, but in a few minutes a note came back.

"Johnny had a pain in his stomach," she wrote. "Will you give him another chance?"

We did immediately. The boy was even more tense and his voice no better. We had to dismiss him again. In ten minutes his mother sent back another note.

"I got something for Johnny's stomach and he is really well now," the note read. "Will you please hear him again?"

Johnny came back a third time but he didn't sing. He broke down in tears. He wasn't suffering from stomachache as much as heartache. His mother was pushing him into a career for which he had no talent and no liking.

I strongly believe a child should never be forced to practice or take lessons unless the youngster enjoys himself. But if the child does enjoy it, fine. Anna Petronelle's mother, for example first heard from neighbors that her daughter was entertaining children at the Saturday matinee before the movie started. The child had a natural feeling for pantomine. Mrs. Petronelle, after being encouraged by her friends, brought Anna to our audition. Anna was so good that she traveled with one of our units and is now studying at a drama school.

But, Mr. Mack, you don't mean the average child won't be nervous at the audition even if she has talent?

No, I didn't mean that. And we have some advice on this subject that comes from fifteen years of experience with children. We have found, with very few exceptions, that youngsters give a better performance when their parents wait outside. You see, we overlook mistakes. But no matter how patient and kindly the parents, the child knows his parents will be satisfied with nothing less than perfection.

How should I dress for the audition?

Too often amateurs, adults or children, are overdressed. They wear evening attire or special costumes, and are generally in clothes too sophisticated. Actually, we prefer to see you in simple street clothes. Come as you are. We are looking for talent, not the best-dressed woman of the year.

If I fail an audition, may I come back again?

The answer is definitely yes. When you have polished up your performance, taken further training, come back. We have many cases of people who succeed on their third—or even sixth—try.

What particular kind of act or performance are you looking for?

This is a particularly good question, easy but important to answer. Each week we hear many good singers who are unabashedly imitating Frankie Laine, Billy Eckstine, Peggy Lee, or other highly-stylized entertainers. Or a jazz clarinetist may play classical music because he has heard another clarinetist perform serious music on the program. A violinist may play a sentimental gypsy tune when his heart is in work that demonstrates his virtuosity. So many of these people are trying to please us with imitations of big name artists or what has been heard before.

Of course, while originality is best—still if your impersonations are good, they are always welcome. You can only do your best when you are doing what you like best. We have no restrictions as to types of acts or music.

Mimi Benzell, Regina Reznick and Robert Merrill started on the Original Amateur Hour and are now in opera. Monica Lewis and Frank Sinatra are only two of our amateurs who are famous in the field of popular music. And there are others with diverse talents: Vera-Ellen, Paul Winchell.

Originality must always be striven for, but in show business, whether you are a beginner or star, you must have patience, perseverance and courage. You must have the patience to learn, observe and study with coaches and professionals. You must have perseverance to try and try again, for success isn't easy. You must have the courage to take the bad with the good.

And remember there is always room at the top for you. The law of supply and demand doesn't apply to show business. Entertainment is a commodity that brings people happiness, and there can never be an overabundance of happiness in the world.

So take heart and come to the audition smiling. We are your friends as you are ours.

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THIS IS MY LIFE

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By
KAY ARMEN

"Just like Mother used to do," says Kay Armen about her homemaking skills

Sewing and cooking come as easily to me as singing. Mother always felt I had more talent for homemaking than the others in the family and she taught me all the things she could do so well. Here are some hints I learned from Mother, others from my own experiments in housekeeping.

TO COOK AND CARVE A LEG OF LAMB

My sister Claire and I share an apartment. Being Armenian we have a roast of lamb in the oven just about as often as other people put on a pot of coffee. Because we're so fond of lamb we're extra careful about its seasoning and cooking. I like to season a leg of lamb with salt, pepper, oregano and mint leaves—the mint I dry myself during the summer. Meat in the roaster, I cover it lightly with aluminum foil, set the oven at 350°. Foil keeps juices in. Foil comes off for the last thirty-five minutes of roasting time to allow the meat to brown, concentrated juices to collect in the bottom of the pan for rich brown gravy. When there are guests—often the boys in the band—I ask one of the men to carve. There's an art to that. First, let it stand for ten minutes on a hot platter on top of the oven—this sets the flavor, makes it lots easier to carve. Insert the fork firmly in the large end of the leg; carve two or three lengthwise slices from the near thin side. Turn roast so it rests on surface just cut; the shank bone now points up. Insert fork at left of roast. Start at shank and cut down to leg bone in even, parallel slices. (Continued on page 94)

Have Your Cake

(*Continued from page* 51)

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares (oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix and sift together the sifted flour, soda and salt. Put shortening in a large bowl. Work with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually and work together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt chocolate over warm water. Then add to batter and blend. Add flour mixture alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time. Stir only enough to blend after each addition. Add vanilla. Grease two 9″ square layer cake pans, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 minutes. Frost with chocolate frosting. Makes two 9″ square layers.

OLD FASHIONED CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 squares (oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons hot water
3 egg yolks
4 tablespoons butter

Melt chocolate over hot water. Remove from heat. Add sugar and water and blend. Add eggs, one at a time and beat well. Add butter a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Cool. Spread on one layer to within ½″ of the edge. Top with second layer. Frost sides and then top. Sprinkle with coconut or chopped nuts. Makes enough to frost tops and sides of two 9″ layers.

LEMON CUPCAKES

1½ cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Put in a bowl. Work shortening with a spoon until soft. Add sugar gradually. Beat together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat until well blended. Combine milk, lemon juice and rind. Add alternately with flour mixture. Beat only enough to blend after each addition. Fill greased muffin pans ½ full. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes. Cool, then frost with lemon butter frosting. Makes 1 dozen medium-sized cupcakes.

LEMON BUTTER FROSTING

¼ cup butter
1¾ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
dash of salt
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon lemon rind

Work butter until soft. Add sugar gradually. Work together until well blended. Add salt and rind. Stir in lemon juice a little at a time. Add just enough to give a good spreading consistency. Beat until fluffy. Makes enough to frost 1 dozen cupcakes.

EASY GOLD CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
½ cup vegetable shortening
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 egg yolks, unbeaten

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar directly into a bowl. Add shortening, egg yolks and ½ of the milk. Mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes by the clock or 300 strokes. If using an electric mixer beat at low to medium speed for 2 minutes. Add remaining milk and beat 1 minute longer (150 strokes). Grease a loaf pan 10x5x3, line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Makes 1 loaf cake 10x5x3.

ORANGE GLAZE

½ cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Combine orange juice, sugar, and rind in a saucepan. Place over low heat stirring until sugar is dissolved. Increase heat and boil rapidly for about 5 minutes or till it registers 230° F. on a candy thermometer. Cool slightly and pour over cake. Makes enough orange glaze for 1 loaf cake 10x5x3.

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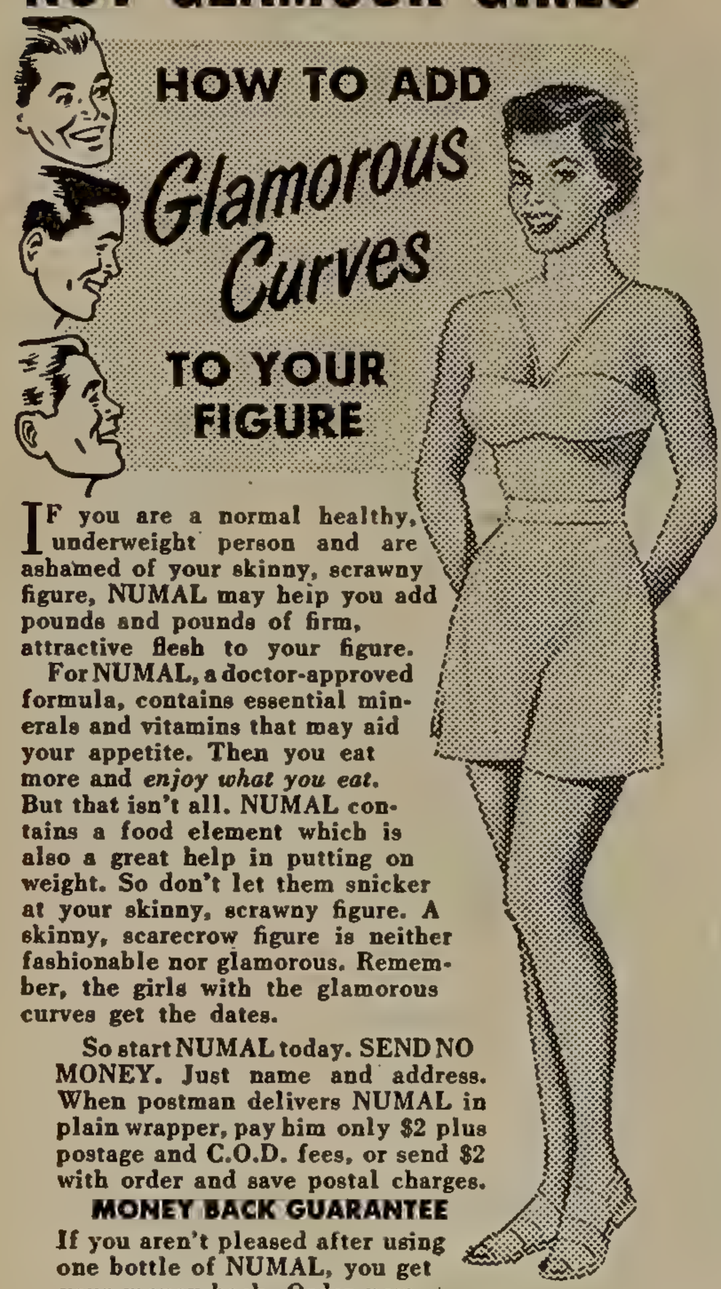

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THIS IS MY LIFE

(*Continued from page 92*)

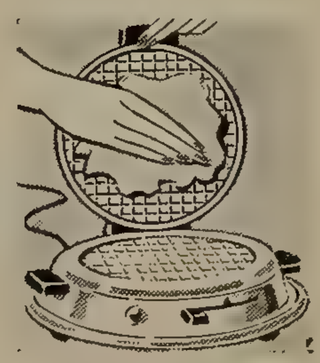
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

Everyone who likes to entertain enjoys making the most of flowers in season to add color to their homes. I feel that the investment's small for the pleasure I get out of their beauty. Flower arrangement isn't hard nor is the equipment necessarily elaborate. First purchase should be a tall vase for long-stemmed flowers—a simple one you like a lot, because you'll use it often. Maybe you'll buy flower cutters, but kitchen scissors do just as well. A low bowl is necessary for other arrangements, and a holder. Needlepoint holders are easy to use, but a potato or a grapefruit or orange shell are fine—punch holes with an ice pick, put your flowers into the holes in any arrangement that suits your fancy, put in water, and there's a centerpiece!

SOME POINTERS ON PRESSING

I sit down to my portable sewing machine the way that some people sit down with a good book—just to relax. In our place, there's always a dress on the pressing board in some state of completion. Because I'm particularly fond of velvet—I made the dress I'm wearing in the picture—I've picked up a few very handy tips on working with this "touchy" fabric. Use a velvet press board for seams, placing velvet with pile face down on the board, a slightly damp cloth on the wrong side of the velvet. Iron should be warm enough to create steam without pressure; float the iron over the seams. Or you can steam your seams by standing the steam iron on end and carefully running the seamed pieces over the tip of the iron, pulling the garment gently.

GET OUT YOUR WAFFLE IRON



Waffles—good, crisp, tasty ones—and gallons of coffee: that's my favorite breakfast. It was down in New Orleans I learned the trick of putting half a strip of bacon on each plate of the waffle baker. Let them crisp a minute before adding the batter. Once you've had them that way, there's just no other way! A good waffle iron needs loving care. Always turn the current off just before the last waffle's finished baking. Last waffle done, keep the cover raised till the baker cools and before it cools be sure to whisk the grids lightly with paper toweling or a pastry brush—but don't rub too hard, for that will take off the thin film of fat that should remain. If you do, the next time you make waffles you'll be disappointed—they'll stick.

Man Behind The Shadow

(*Continued from page* 39)

and leads the way to a cupboard that holds his collection of old mustache cups. "I had more of these cups, but I got rid of them when I was clearing out a lot of my good things. I rented the apartment for a couple of years, and didn't want to leave them around. Which was just as well, as the place was a wreck when I came back to it."

He and his mother had lived there together until her death four years ago; now, theoretically, he lives alone.

As a matter of fact, his friends call the eight-room apartment "The Hotel Morrison," and give thanks that he isn't married. A bachelor with a large apartment and a hospitable soul is a friend indeed these days, especially in over-crowded New York.

"But a cousin of mine is coming from St. Louis to stay with me, soon," he says enthusiastically. "She was a singer and a prima ballerina before she gave up her career to raise a family. Now she's going to do some television here. She looks like my sister; nobody'd think she has a grown-up son and daughter."

He has a portrait of them together, to prove it. The cousin has the same blond good looks, evidently the same dark gray eyes.

A Siamese cat named Tobey roams about the apartment protesting against a stranger's presence. The house boy also protests, when unexpected visitors turn up, that the place is a mess. Far from looking like anything of the sort, the apartment seems just about perfect.

The dining room, behind the living room and opening from the foyer, is most decorative with its sharp pink walls contrasting sharply with the deep blue of the Wedgwood china on a sideboard. An old lamp and shade of rare vaseline glass hang above the table. The room might be a stage set for a smart little dinner party.

Up the stairway leading from the foyer is the playroom. "I do most of my entertaining here," Bret explains, and the vision of smart little dinner parties vanishes into thin air. "I'm going to make photographs here tonight."

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That apartment is a sample of what Morrison does with his gift for interior decoration; he has done apartments for several friends, could earn a living at it if he liked. To him that talent is just a hobby. So is his ability to design men's clothes. Unable to find beach wear and lounging clothes that he liked, he designed some. They are now sold in a men's shop on Madison Avenue.

That definition of improbable—"Possible, but not to be expected"—applies to a third talent, painting portraits. There are none on view, but Mercedes McCambridge was so delighted with the Morrison portrait of her little boy that she sent him a lovely Royal Copenhagen figurine of a faun.

Singing is the gift Bret most enjoys, the one on which he now concentrates; his voice, a baritone, gives new emotion to even the hackneyed "Golden Earrings." A French song, sung with flair, in excellent French, is followed by "Ich Grolle Nicht," in equally good German, both done so well that it's inevitable to ask with whom he studied.

"Nobody," replies the surprising Mr. Morrison. And then comes the final improbability. "I've never studied singing, and I play piano by ear. I've never studied French, either, or German. But once I hear a song I can sing it."

And in a foreign language, so convincingly that you'd swear it was his native tongue!

That amazing ear for pitch and for sounds has enabled Bret to master seventeen dialects, which he gets an opportunity to use very rarely on the air. He began singing as a choir boy, in Evanston, Illinois, where he was born thirty-two years ago. Dramatics was his second interest. The two took him into radio in Chicago and also into little theaters, where he sang, acted, and designed sets, costumes, lighting.

Hollywood was the next step, bringing a brief picture career that he gave up because he was being typed as a juvenile—Hollywood would do the same now. Little theater and radio engagements led to his returning to Chicago as the singing, acting lead in "Love Song." That lasted two years. For five he was Mr. First Nighter; for three, he did all the leads on The Chicago Theatre of the Air. Then came World War II, when he was with the First Service Command. Doing what?

"Recruiting Waacs," he said, laughing. "We did a fifteen-minute radio program every day and a three-hour stage show every night, one hundred and sixty-five of us toured the New England states in a caravan; I also organized a similar set-up in Canada."

He rehearsed the troupe, was stage manager, supervised the lighting—in a different hall or theater each night—and took part in the shows.

"After that it *had* to be New York," he'll tell you. "You know how it is; that's the last stronghold. You've always known you had to tackle it eventually if you were going to be a success. Yet you hesitate, because if you fail here you'll feel you can't go any farther."

Bret Morrison need not have hesitated. Within two weeks after he arrived he was working almost full schedule. In the first year he was cast as The Speaker in Light of the World, and had also become The Shadow.

He likes eerie roles, has refused big parts to play bits in mysteries.

"Unusual characters really require thought to work out," he explains. "In radio there can be a tendency to play types, using the voices that belong to them, instead of individualizing the character. I don't want to be typed; when I was offered a part in a Shakespearean production recently, I turned it down because I'd have been typed as a classical actor."

When he does return to the stage it will probably be in a musical; he is preparing for that now, by accepting engagements in night clubs. He would like to make a concert tour, with a program that sounds most interesting; he would tell a story, weaving songs into it—folk songs, popular songs, some in foreign languages, and some of the twenty-two he has written himself.

There's one more activity to be checked on—it had been reported that Bret tooled leather.

"Oh yes, I do," he answers. "A couple of years ago, when The Shadow was off the air for the summer, some cowboy friends of mine were going to tour with Jim Blackman's Rodeo. I'd always ridden, used to have a pony when I was a child, so I joined up. I rode in the Grand Entry and the Quadrille—and worked with my friends. They were experts in trick riding."

And the cowboys tooled leather for their boots and saddles, so, naturally, Bret learned to do it too.

"It was like other new things, a challenge," he says. "When you feel that way about new things you can always learn to do them."

Always, that is, if you have as many "gifts" as Bret Morrison has.

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TUNE IN *"My True Story"*

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Life With My Father

(*Continued from page* 31)

everyone had a say. The smaller girls were very noble and offered to stay home if it would help my social life. Daddy said it was up to me. Barbara didn't commit herself either way. Mother thought dates were pretty important to a girl of my age, and told me to think the matter over very carefully.

"Let's go to the ranch just like we always do!" I said. Betty Lou and Kathy heaved explosive sighs of relief. The loves of their young lives are their elderly riding horses. Dates? How could any girl in her right mind prefer dancing to riding?

As it turned out, that was the luckiest decision I ever made—for all of us. We flew up to Carmel Valley in Daddy's Navion plane, and we found a whole new crowd of young people had moved in. What with hayrides and square dances and picnics I had more dates and made more lasting friendships than I could possibly have imagined. There won't be any shall-we-go-to-the-ranch problem next year!

Up at the ranch we all ride together, and we have our own horses. Mine is a former cavalry jumper that I call Monty, and I think he's still got lots of spirit. About the other horses—mother says, "Well, they've got four feet. That's about all you can say in their favor."

Quite recently Daddy was looking around for a gentle, elderly steed for our baby sister to ride. He finally came across a really old pony, which came highly recommended as being very gentle with children. The man who led him up with a rope around his drooping neck told Daddy that he'd been used to children climbing over his swayed old back for "nigh on to twenty years."

"Fine, fine," said Daddy patting the scarred old face. "Kathy will just love this old fellow." Maybe she *would* have loved him. She was a bit too late in his life, that's all. Because as Daddy led the old warrior back to the barn he suddenly stopped, lay down and quietly expired at Daddy's feet. Kathy, coming up with flying pigtails at that very minute, was simply furious. He might, she told Daddy, have bought her a horse with a *little* more spirit. And Daddy had to admit she was so right! He promised to be a bit more careful next time he turned horse trader.

Another thing that we like about ranch life is the fact that Mother and Daddy let us each invite a girl friend of our own age to stay with us. That means never less than six girls, sometimes more. Mother does all the cooking, but we help out with the bed-making and the farm work. This year we're going in for chicken-raising on a big scale.

Mother and Daddy believe in sharing their lives with us as completely as possible—and with mother, this means sharing her clothes, too.

It seems that in all our rambling white brick house there just isn't a thing to wear when we have to go somewhere in a hurry. When Barbara and I find our closets hopelessly bare, we make a bee-line for mother's pretty dressing-room and reach out for "the community rack."

This rack holds an assortment of sweaters, skirts, and jackets that fit all three of us. We may borrow what we wish, but there's one rule. Whoever borrows an item must put it back in

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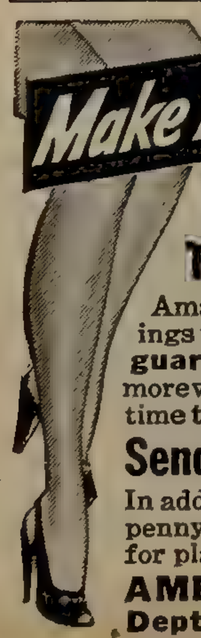

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good condition for the next user—no loose buttons or unironed wrinkles—or whoever borrowed it won't get that item again. The system has worked out pretty well so far.

Besides being careful of our clothes, Daddy and Mother believe that appreciating the small things of life is very important. We all get a thrill from unexpected little gifts, a new dish for dinner, a new way of fixing our hair. Our parents implanted that capacity for joy in us when we were babies, and we'll always be grateful to them for it. Daddy also feels we should have a sense of responsibility, and be prepared to earn our own living. He started out in the world when he was only eight years old—just Betty Lou's age.

That's one of the stories we all love to hear him tell. He was a tall, skinny little boy. He was very serious. He had a paper route, and he ran messages for a drugstore and a grocery besides. Every dollar he earned went into the family fund to help raise him, and his brother and sister. He's worked every day of his life since then and he says he's never been sorry he had to. Right now he's helping Barbara and me decide what jobs we want to do in life.

Sometimes I tell Daddy I'd like to be a model. Other times I think I'll settle for the life of a kindergarten teacher. Being around my little sisters so much has taught me quite a lot about handling small children, so this idea looks pretty good to me right now. Barbara is very musical, and loves to improvise on one of the twin pianos in our music room. When we were younger she and I used to play duets. Now there is a tinier piano in the room with our two uprights where tiny Kathy can bang away to her heart's content, while Betty Lou and Barbara claim the other instruments. One day the four of us are going to give a recital. That should be the day when everybody on Elm Drive treks off to parts unknown. You'd probably be able to hear us as far up the street as Elizabeth Taylor's family house—and that's in the next block.

As I said, Friday night is our night with Daddy. Mother gets him on Saturdays, when they go out for an evening on the town. The rest of the week Mother and Daddy have dinner together at about seven, while the younger girls eat at six. Barbara and I are at boarding school during the week. Of course we all know that if we have something we want to talk over with our father, kids' night doesn't have to be Friday. He means it when he tells us that he's always there when we need him, and we don't have to worry about interrupting him, whether he's getting into his dinner jacket or studying the script of his NBC program. He's *our* father first.

We all agree that we think Daddy is just about tops in tall, dark and handsome-ness. But even so, he's a different person to each one of us.

Kathy's chief joy in life is giving him presents. Christmas finds her a glorified Mrs. Santa Claus. Like this last year. She chose a box of fine cigars for Daddy—aided a *little* by mother—and now, every time he offers one to a friend, she's right there, her eyes very bright and wide, bursting to ask: "Is that one of my cigars—is it, Daddy?" Everything she gives still belongs to *her*.

Betty Lou likes to create things for him. She paints and crayons with furious intensity. Birds, butterflies, weird-shaped houses—and Daddy gets them all. If he hasn't come home before her bedtime, she trots upstairs and leaves her works of art on his pillow, sure that in the morning he'll remember to give her a hug and congratulate her on a particularly lively and distinctive purple insect the like of which he's never seen before.

As for Barbara, she and Daddy have an identical sense of humor. You can hear them laughing all over the house. Barbara is a wonderful mimic and could be an actress, but "too much hard work" says she. Even so, she's got lots of poise. She appeared on Louella Parsons' program, representing our whole family, and did us all proud.

Daddy and I get along so well because we're very much alike, both in general build and our rather retiring personalities. Often, I'll catch a grin on his face when he sees me just about to walk into a wall because I'm thinking about something else. He used to do that, too. He was rather an introvert at seventeen, had to be poked and prodded into doing things. As he's told me:

"When I was in high school I hankered to play football, but the nearest I got to the field was waving my arms and jumping around as a cheer leader. In those days I never thought about being an actor—not until my determined dramatic teacher grabbed me by my gangling arm and talked me into taking over the job of 'student manager' for the class play. In this position I found a broom pushed into my hands, and I was told to sweep the stage. After that I carried a few painted trees around, and then actually graduated to saying two lines in the play. This went over so well, I took a deep breath and signed up for another semester of dramatics. In all, I did four plays—one with your mother, before I got my diploma and took up my position in a cashier's cage in a Pasadena Bank.

"But that same prodding schoolteacher wouldn't let well enough alone—bless her! She came into the bank and prodded me right out of the teller's cage and onto the stage of the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She really believed in me as an actor, and after a while I got a little more faith in myself. I won a scholarship. I did forty plays. Pretty soon I was in the movies. Now I'm in radio. Where do you think I'd be if a determined dramatic teacher hadn't caught me in one of those dreamy moods and pushed a broom into my idle hands?"

Daddy is exaggerating, of course, and I have to giggle when I catch the twin-

RADIO MIRROR DAYTIME FASHIONS: Pages 46 and 47*

*If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Radio Mirror Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Dress and jacket: Shirley Lee, 1641 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri

Coat dress: Spears-Epstein, 1400 Broadway, New York City, New York

kle in his black eyes—but I *do* see what he means. I'm the dreamer in the family now, I've got to give myself a push in the direction of picking out a career. It's not for nothing that Daddy's radio program is called Father Knows Best. He sure *does*.

He's a picture star and a radio star, but somehow we never think of him as a celebrity. We're always amused when people act like he is. I remember once when Barbara and I were much younger, we saw him cornered on a street in Beverly Hills while a group of kids pounced on him for his autograph.

"What's an autograph?" Barbara asked him. Then, "Why do they want yours?" Daddy told her it was just an idea some people had. They got these bright-covered autograph books and they went around asking their friends to sign them, so that they could keep the signatures to remember their friends by. Immediately we both wanted autograph books. It seemed like a fine idea. Rather ruefully Daddy took us to a stationery store and bought us some.

He told us, much later, that he had had horrible visions of us pestering all his actor friends who came to our house. But we never asked any of them for their autographs. This situation puzzled Daddy, and prompted him to ask us about it.

"Carol, haven't you ever used those autograph books I gave you and Barbara?"

"Of course we have." I said. "See—mine's all full up. So is Barbara's." We showed Daddy our books, page by page. He looked more puzzled than ever. All the names were strange to him, so we explained.

"These are the names of all our friends. This one's the cleaner. And this is the laundryman—you know him, Daddy. That's the boy down at the soda fountain. And this is my gym teacher's."

Daddy didn't say anything for a moment. He looked quite thoughtful.

"You've got the right idea," he said finally. "Those names mean a lot more to you than a bunch of actors. Do you suppose there is a little space somewhere, so this actor could sign his name?" We found him a place, and let him sign. The only actor in our books.

You can see from all this that we think Daddy is a very special person. He's fun to play Canasta with—we taught him. He's fun to duck in the pool, and he's a whiz at fixing steaks in our barbecue. He loves his home and from time to time he'll bring a tiny package home from town, and we'll know it is another miniature lamp for mother's lamp collection that she keeps on shelves in our front window. That's sort of symbolic in a way, I guess. Just like a houseful of daughters waiting to welcome him when he comes up the path, he has a window full of lamps winking at him instead of the traditional one lamp to light him home. He says his lucky number is five—the four of us, and mother. And after all, Father Knows Best.

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Life Begins at 80

(*Continued from page* 48)

would enjoy a show devoted to oldsters' points of view. We had real proof of that when, after eighteen months on radio, we moved the show to television and some months later went off the air for a short period. The network we had been seen on got close to 80,000 letters asking that we be brought back, a large percentage coming from younger people. Some, of course, told us how much the program meant to older members of the family.

These younger viewers are among our best recruiting agents for panelists and guests. They write in about parents and grandparents, neighbors and teachers. Eighty-year-olds who are too shy and modest to suggest themselves tell us about octogenarian friends. We get between 1,500 and 2,000 letters every week and we interview all those who live in the New York area. We can use only six persons on a program, but we like to give our panel members a breather between shows.

Oldest in point of service on the panel is Fred Stein, now nearing 82, and still active in renting and real estate. Mr. Stein's trademark is a fat cigar, a dry wit, and a determination unmoved by even the most devastating of Georgianna Carhart's jibes.

Mrs. Carhart, of course, is our *enfant terrible.* She's 85, was a concert and opera singer in Europe, and had retired to what could never have been anything but a lively and vivid old age even had there been no TV show to perform on.

I would say that Mrs. Carhart is distinguished by her gift for swift repartee, her frankness about her fondness for the opposite sex, and some of the prettiest hats on television. When she takes off her hat on the show, as she does occasionally, she puts it on again without consulting a mirror, a trick that only a good-looking woman, sure of herself, would attempt. "I never was a primper," she announces firmly, and you know she never needed to be.

Miss Lorna Standish, a handsome 80, married three times but reverting to the "Miss" because, she says, "I'm still looking," was a dancer. She did a soft shoe dance for her audition and is still coaching children for professional work. She is proud of being an eighth lineal descendant of Miles Standish, jumps rope like a schoolgirl, and might be classified generally as one of the more serious members of the panel, along with Joseph Rosenthal, 86, and Paolo Gallico, 83, who is the father of well-known writer Paul Gallico. The Messrs. Rosenthal and Gallico are known for their wise and careful consideration of every subject.

It was Mr. Rosenthal's daughter who was responsible for getting him on our show. Daughter had a 93-year-old neighbor who was one of our first panel members, and he suggested she have her father take an audition. Mr. Rosenthal was reluctant, "but you know when a woman gets an idea in her head you have to submit," he explains. He was a retired educator and writer, bored with sitting around with his contemporaries and discussing aches and pains. "This program has been a rejuvenation for me," he says happily. Mr. Rosenthal had to leave the show for a few months because his wife, considerably younger than he, likes to escape New York winters in Florida, but I believe he would really prefer to freeze a little and remain on the show.

John Draney, who was 90 in December, is one of our most sensible, down to earth panelists, besides being one of our quickest ad libbers. Mr. Draney was a locomotive engineer, long retired from active duty, but still consulted by his former employers when new equipment and methods are considered. As a holdover from his railroad training, Mr. Draney has scrupulous regard for time, and if camera rehearsal is at 9:00 Mr. Draney reports at 8:00, on the theory that it's better to be an hour early than risk being five minutes late.

One of our newer panelists is Hiram Mann, 80, who like Mrs. Carhart, defies any formal classification. Mr. Mann is a political speaker, a poet with a rare sense of humor, and a serious student of history. He believes that the Constitution of the United States is the greatest document ever written and will gather a group on any street corner to defend it from changes or misinterpretation by politicians.

Guests on our show have to qualify, the same as panelists, for both age and outstanding interest. Some are noted for their physical prowess, as is 84-year-old W. W. Hefflefinger, a recent guest who was once famous as Yale football's "Pudge" Hefflefinger of the first All-American team of 1889. Others have made their mark in business, literature, art, show business, teaching, music, or maybe home-making. Mrs. Mary Galloway, 105, had been a slave. At the hour she was due, we waited outside to help her from the car that was to bring her to the studio. I rushed over to get her, but she was too fast for me. The door opened and out hopped Mrs. Galloway. Disdaining outstretched hands, she took the steep stairway backstage without flinching, and went through her performance as if she had been doing it every night.

Panel members and guests are completely natural on the show. They say exactly what they think, expressed in their own way. Because of the cameras, we have to plan where each will sit and in what order they'll be called on to speak, but there is no set script.

Questions brought up for discussion are sent in by viewers and are apt to cover a wide range. Young couples who want to make a success of marriage are frequent writers, with questions about whether it's wise to go on living with parents, should a wife continue her career, should a husband pay the bills, and so on. Middle-aged women ask if they should diet and run the risk of being nervous, cranky wives or stay stout and risk losing a husband's love. All these are duck soup for our panelists, who know many of the right answers and enjoy serving them up spiced with satire and some hilarity.

When our program first started we were fearful that some member might suddenly become ill. There was an 82-year-old former minstrel man, acting as doorman at a nearby restaurant, whom we had tagged as an understudy for any ailing member who might drop out on short notice.

I'm happy to say that never in three years has that happened. Our panelists appear to be a happy, healthy lot whose lives have taken on new meaning at 80. We like to think our program has contributed to that.

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When a Girl Marries

(*Continued from page 89*)

your chores done, spend time with the company. Plan your time for invited guests, let the droppers-in take what they find and don't worry.

Dear Joan:

My late husband and I were on the verge of divorce when he was ordered overseas, and since neither of us had the money to complete the separation and continue to support our two little boys I agreed to stay with his parents until he could return and we could work out a satisfactory arrangement. We agreed not to tell his parents of our difficulties to spare them of any additional grief over us.

My husband had been gone about two years when I found the happiness and the love every girl looks for. Tom worked in the hosiery mill in which I work to supplement the family income.

A little over a month ago my husband was killed in action in Korea and though I grieve deeply for his loss to his family and children I feel no personal loss whatsoever. I feel that our relations had been severed some three years previously.

However, my husband's parents, whom I have come to love dearly, not knowing of our estrangement, are a little bewildered at my lack of grief over their son's death and to complicate matters even more, Tom (who has been on inactive duty) has to report to his Army Post and wants me to marry him immediately and follow him until he has to leave for overseas.

Tom has never met my children, as it was impossible for him to visit the home of my in-laws but he declares he will love them as his own as they are part of me. This I believe with all my heart.

Now my big question is, should I marry Tom and capture the little happiness we can find together before he is called overseas, or should the feelings of my parents-in-law come first? Where does my duty begin?

Mrs. D. L.

Dear Mrs. D. L.:

You ask "Where does duty begin?" In this case I think it should begin neither with your duty to yourself—your desire for a normally happy marriage—nor with your duty to your parents-in-law—your desire not to hurt them. I believe you ought to consider your children first, your duty to them. It's unthinkable to me that you consider marrying Tom, asking him to be a father to children whom he's never met. And just as unthinkable that you suddenly foist on the children a man whom they've never seen, never heard of, and tell them he's their new father. You should, I think, in all conscience, get Tom and the children acquainted, be as sure as you possibly can be that they're going to get along together, before you enter this marriage. After all, it's only through the happiness of all of you that your own happiness can come.

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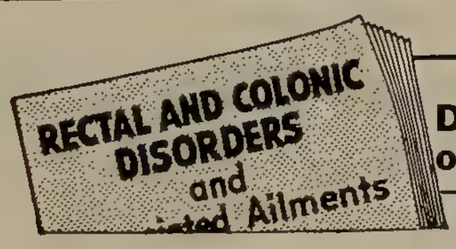

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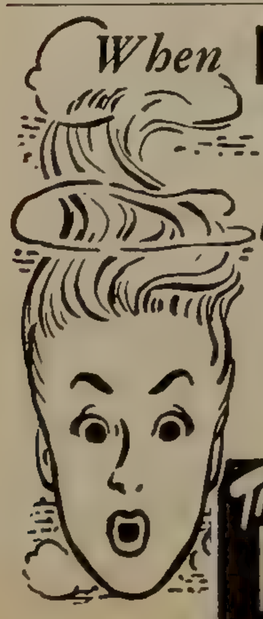

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The Woman Who Had Everything

(*Continued from page 66*)

What further reason could there be . . . or need there be? I took time out to join in Don's heartfelt thanksgiving, and went back to my work excited and happy and looking forward eagerly to the future.

But now and then I wondered fleetingly if there were possibly more to Kay Clements' newest business venture than met the eye. Each time I wondered I came up with the same answers—all the perfectly good business-like answers. The one thing that did occur to me was that she might have become a trifle bored with dry finance, and—like many people—been drawn to the glamor that seems to surround newspaper work.

I didn't get much chance to probe the situation, during the next weeks, for both Mrs. Clements and Don disappeared into a morass of legal red tape and were scarcely to be seen. Whenever they came through the office a flying wedge of lawyers came with them, and Don barely managed to duck his head into my office for a quick wave on the way in or out. But Kay always stopped for a few words, and each time I was further impressed with her sharply-etched beauty and the distinctive, cool voice that was so important a part of her personality. Intelligence and poise were stamped all over her; I began to look forward to knowing her better.

On one of Don's quick visits, I thought he looked a little worried. I asked if anything had gone wrong, but he shook his head. "Except that I wonder if the money's worth it," he said ruefully. "I haven't had a night's sleep since Mrs. Moneybags set foot in this joint. Either it's lawyers or brokers or examining files or—golly, Warren, I didn't know you could be that careful about throwing away eight hundred thousand dollars. And a couple of times I've had to get dolled up in the old school dinner-jacket and take her to dinners. They even have formal dinners to discuss business—the lighter aspects of it, you know." He rumpled up his hair and sighed. "Last night it was some club she belongs to. Very gay. I slept. What did you do last night?"

I smiled and rolled a sheet into my typewriter. "Wrote some letters. One to Nona, one to Mark."

Don didn't answer. When I glanced at him he was scowling. "I see," he said. "The cat's away, eh?"

"I didn't have a formal dinner-party to go to," I reminded him with an innocent look. "I have to amuse myself somehow. And anyway, darling, I've been writing to Mark or talking to him ever since I was sixteen. He'd be very much upset if I didn't keep him up-to-date on what was going on around here."

Don struggled to replace the scowl with a smile, and in a measure succeeded. I wondered briefly if perhaps I ought to stop teasing him about his school-boyish jealousy, but if I didn't keep reminding him that it was a joke I would have to get really angry, and it wasn't worth that. When we had more time to talk perhaps we could talk it all out and put it on a more mature basis, somehow—I didn't quite know how, but Don wasn't a petty person. Surely he could be made to see that the more meaningful friendships one had the richer one's life became.

Kay's voice sounded across the outer office then, asking Don to come and look at some papers, and he came over and gave me a quick kiss. "You'd better stay home and write to dear old Anton tonight," he said, "because I've got to go up to Clements' place to meet one of her out-of-town cronies. Doctor, lawyer or Indian chief, I'm not sure which. At least I can think of you with pen in hand, safe at home." He went out quickly, leaving me biting my lip. Even if I'd wanted to, I hadn't had a chance to mention that Anton was back in town from a Washington trip, and was taking me out to dinner that night. Anton, with whom I discussed everything, was well aware that Don simmered a little over him as he did over Mark.

I had been waiting eagerly for the chance to tell Anton all about Kay Clements and Don and the paper, but strangely, as I sat opposite him that evening and talked away, I found that I was depressed rather than elated. I repeated several times, in several different ways, how wonderful it was that now no stranger would walk in and start disrupting the organization Don had so carefully worked out, and that he would have a free hand to go on building up the great newspaper he dreamed about, but the words had lost some of their magic. Perhaps it was Anton's skeptical, narrow face, which looked at me as though waiting for the really important details I hadn't yet given him.

"And so Mrs. Clements backs Don," he said finally, when I'd paused for breath. "An unusual woman, that."

"Do you know her? You didn't say—"

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Anton shook his head. "No, I have never met her. I should like to very much. It was during the war I heard her speak; she made an address to a small group of government officials down in Washington on the activities of one of her companies in the war effort. I was privileged to be there, well, as an observer." He smiled slightly, and I asked no questions. Anton's wartime activities were an aspect of his life about which even I knew very little, and I had learned that it was better to keep it that way. But he had formed a very definite picture of Mrs. Clements at that time, and I did ask him questions about that. He summed it up by saying that she was a woman who loved and wanted power even more than she herself realized. I became even more depressed.

"Do you think she'll be trying to take over the paper?" I asked him. "That would be just what Don tried to avoid by borrowing the money personally."

"No," Anton said thoughtfully, "she won't do anything as obvious as that. She is business-woman enough to let the paper alone since she knows nothing about running such an enterprise. It's in the personal aspects that I think you must be careful."

"You think she's interested in Don rather than in the *Gazette*." To have Anton voice such a suspicion was really upsetting. He didn't start at shadows.

But he said again that he didn't quite think that. "I suspect that it's you who interests her, and not Don," he said surprisingly. "You may be a challenge to her, Wendy. It's not often she meets another successful career woman who, in every detail, is more than a match for her. You are both brilliantly accomplished; you are both young; you are both notably handsome and charming. She won't like that. She is used to feeling herself unique. Some way or another she will try to get the upper hand, even though she may not even know she is trying."

On this cheerless note he concluded, and I couldn't get him to say another word about her. He certainly hadn't raised my spirits any. During the days that followed, with Don still so busy that we had no chance to be together, that faint depressed sensation grew stronger. Don and I had been so closely knit just a short time ago; we'd suffered together through the nervous aftermath of Mary McKenna's announcement, we'd worked together on the wild-sounding plan for Don to buy her out. We'd been partners in every important way, knowing one another's fears and weaknesses . . . and now, abruptly, it began to look to me as though we were getting to be strangers. There was so much going on in his life that I didn't know about. It wasn't only business. More and more, as time went by, Kay Clements was encroaching on what should have been non-business time as well as office hours. Once he called from his office to break a long-standing theater date for which he'd bought tickets many weeks earlier, and to which we had both looked with eager anticipation. "I'm awfully sorry, Warren," he said unhappily. "Some confounded thing or other has to be checked into—machinery ownership, I don't know what-all. Listen—can you make it for lunch tomorrow? Oh no—wait a minute." There was a ruffle of calendar pages, and then he said dejectedly, "Sunk again. I can't make it."

It helped a lot to know that he was unhappy about the situation too. May-

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be, when all the red tape was wound up, everything would be all right again. We'd sit in one another's office and go to hamburger stands together for quick lunches and he'd come home and let my Aunt Dorrie cook dinner for him, as we used to . . . I was glad he had been the one to back out of the lunch date, though, for I had been on the point of saying that I had a lunch date for the following day . . . with Anton. I suppose it was the measure of the division that had grown up between us that I couldn't have made a joke about it any more. I would have had to say it, flatly, or lie about it. *Lie* about it! My brow wrinkled as I turned to my work. We had come far indeed if I could consider that!

Quite unexpectedly, at that luncheon date, Anton got his wish and met Kay Clements. Elegant in brown velvet and pale mink, she stopped at our table on the way to her own, and I introduced them. I felt an unworthy, purely female stab of satisfaction when I saw how impressed she was with Anton's distinguished good looks, and I kept her talking for a moment so that she would learn that he was witty as well as attractive. When she went, she said lightly, "Oh, by the way, Wendy, I've given Don back to you and to his career. The lawyers are all gone, and everything's settled. I won't interrupt your tete-a-tete any longer now—see you later!"

I was annoyed. "Tete-a-tete—what a stupid expression!" I said crossly.

Anton raised an eyebrow. "Stupid, perhaps. But she has given it some thought before using it, believe me."

I believed him. I was pretty certain by now that Kay Clements did very few things without having given them careful thought. But just how much thought she had given this trivial incident I didn't learn until I got back to the office that afternoon.

I couldn't get down to work. I was waiting for Don to call. Hadn't Kay said he was back at work—that all the details were finally straightened out? Why didn't he call, let me know what had been going on, call me in for a gossip about it . . . Twice I started to call him, but pushed the phone away.

Finally it came—a sharp rap and Don's head at the door, grinning happily. "It's over, it's over!" He swung himself jubilantly to a perch on my desk, and laughed down at me. "I thought I'd never see daylight! Gosh, I've missed you, Warren. You look beautiful. Listen—let's have a party. A celebration."

I reached over and squeezed his hand. "We need one. But don't you think you ought to do a little work instead? It's been weeks since your secretary's seen you."

"I've been plugging away like a dog all morning. No, this is for Saturday night—at my house." He went on rapidly to outline a few plans, mostly things he wanted me to get and do, naturally, and then gave me his brief guest list. "Small but select. Aunt Dorrie if she'll come, Mary McKenna if she's back North by then, Rusty if he's around, and get that irresistible continental-type charmer of yours, that Kamp guy."

I raised my eyebrows at Rusty's name, for there had been times when Don had shown resentment even at having him around. Rusty Doyle was—unfortunately from Don's point of view—another old schoolmate of Mark's and mine. He was a brilliant private investigator now who did special assignments for the *Gazette* when we needed confidential work. Basically, I knew Don had enormous respect for Rusty, and somehow having Rusty at the party seemed to be a sort of declaration from Don that things between him and me were right again. We could stop having these two separate, unfriendly lives we'd been leading of late. We could tease each other and joke about my burdensome collection of old friends and Don's half-assumed jealousy of them. I even risked asking Don why on earth he wanted Anton . . . "Since as you know he always gives you an inferiority complex," I said, laughing up at him.

"For Clements, for Clements," he explained, as though I were a backward child. "Look here, there's you and there's me. If Rusty comes, Mary sort of balances him off. Now how can you ask a woman like Kay to a party and not have a man around to hang her on?"

It was the nicest thing he could have said, and since he obviously meant it my spirits took a final upward leap. I felt fine again. Don was back. Kay Clements was part of the picture now, certainly, but she was way back there in her rightful place, the background.

I was too happy to work. There were only a couple of hours until the end of the day anyway, so I spent them on the phone, alerting Aunt Dorrie and leaving my messages of invitation around town for the others Don wanted. Dorrie was delighted. She said she had three new recipes for canape spreads she'd been dying to try out, and I was to leave all the kitchen arangements to her. She also made me promise to get myself something new to wear to the party. "Something that sort of floats," she said wistfully. "Please, Wendy—all your things are so tailored."

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"All right, I will," I said happily. "I'll get something that not only trails but glitters. How's that?"

I got quite excited thinking about it. Polishing off the other calls quickly, I saved an hour to get over to my favorite little shop on Fifty-seventh Street before closing time. I was on my way out, hat in one hand and buttoning my jacket with the other, when Don got in my way. He looked so cold and stern that I paused, jarred into uneasiness.

"What's the matter? I've only got a second—"

"I won't keep you. Just wanted to say I was sorry I hadn't told you about the party before lunch—then you could have invited Kamp when you had lunch with him. Might have saved you a phone call."

I stared at him in blank astonishment. The possibility that he might be joking never even crossed my mind. He was tense and angry. He was . . . why, he was *accusing* me of having had a date with Anton! As though I had done something reprehensible, something sneaky! My lips moved, but I couldn't phrase the precise degree of shock that I felt.

Staring back at me, Don passed his hand over his chin in a puzzled gesture. He said, "I'm sorry, Wendy. I didn't mean—well, you didn't mention that you'd seen Anton today. Kay—"

I said slowly, "What if I did, Don? You know all about Anton. You know he's my friend. What suddenly makes you act as though I'd been doing something wrong?" I hesitated, but anger was climbing inside me now. "Do you want a daily activity report from me? What *is* all this?"

Don's face cleared suddenly, as though something had left off pinching him. "I must be nuts," he said abjectedly. "Just forget it, will you, like a pal? I really am tired, Wendy," he offered in apology. Coming close, he bent my head back and rubbed his cheek against mine. "Go on, kick me," he said. "I deserve it."

I kissed him instead, gently to make up for my own flare of temper, and went on my way. But I couldn't quite forget it. Coming on top of the last weeks, I couldn't possibly tell myself it was an accidental, a casual incident. There was only one way Don could have learned of my date with Anton. From Kay. There was no reason why she shouldn't mention it, of course . . . but why should she make the opportunity to do so? I was suddenly certain that she had made it sound important, given it a significance that had sent Don into one of his little-boy fits of anger. "That's a fascinating man Wendy was tete-a-tete with at lunch today—that Anton Kamp." I could hear her flexible, cool voice, underlining it. Tete-a-tete, hadn't that been her phrase? Subtly and delicately pointing out that Anton and I had seemed so intimate: raising the question of just how friendly we were . . . I could almost understand Don's anger.

I threw myself almost desperately into the project of picking out my new dress, and the simple feminine remedy worked. Looking at myself in a confection of black and gold, which floated and glittered enough to satisfy even Aunt Dorrie, I felt a little happier. It was just that Don and I had so little chance to be together lately, I told myself. After Saturday we'd be all right again. We'd have a chance to talk and laugh and make some plans. . . .

It didn't even bother me much the

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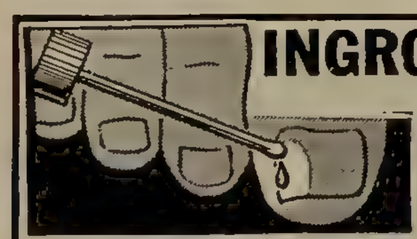

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next day when Rusty casually mentioned that he'd seen Don and Kay going into Town Hall. "Guess the boss has taken to longhair music in his new life," Rusty commented.

I bit my lip. Last night—so I'd been told—Don was supposed to have been getting a good night's sleep. Well, a dozen things might have happened. He might have just bumped into Kay. Or maybe she called him up at the last minute and said she had this pair of tickets . . . a dozen things, yes. But all of them meant that Kay had taken some action. What was she after?

Of his own accord, Don made an occasion later that day to explain about the concert. He had simply stumbled on Kay with a party while he was having dinner at Olanti's, which was close to his apartment, and instead of going on to bed he had . . . well, he had let himself be talked into tagging along with them. Just as I'd thought. Simple. There was always a simple, innocent explanation unless you happened to have a jealous temperament.

Nothing of note happened between then and the party, Saturday night. In the comparative peace I got several columns ahead and whipped myself into a more benevolent frame of mind toward Kay, and I was delighted to find when I greeted her at Don's apartment Saturday night that I liked her as well as ever. She was wearing a short, tailored dinner dress made startling by the fact that its simplicity was developed in cloth-of-silver which clung to her closer than any glove, but even that pleased me because the silver looked so exciting against the rough brown fabric of Don's couch—and *I* had chosen the couch. As I'd chosen almost all the other furniture in the apartment, at Don's express request.

It turned out to be a dandy party. Partly because of Aunt Dorrie's food, and partly because of the champagne, which Don had insisted was the only proper thing to drink at a celebration of any kind. But mostly, I know, to Anton, who had the knack of making the most casual kind of chatter sound rather brilliant when his mood was right. Kay seemed to bring out the best in him. As a result of his deft monopoly of her, I had the first decent talk with Don in many days.

But Anton, I discovered, hadn't been able to resist sowing one tiny seed of discord. It was always difficult to tell when he did such things purposely and when innocently—except that there were so few things he did without some idea of what the results might be! And he had such an unerring instinct for doing the very things that brought out the worst in Don. As we were leaving, Don helping us with our coats, Kay said, "Wendy, I'm so impressed to learn that Mark Douglas is a good friend of yours. I saw his play last year and I thought

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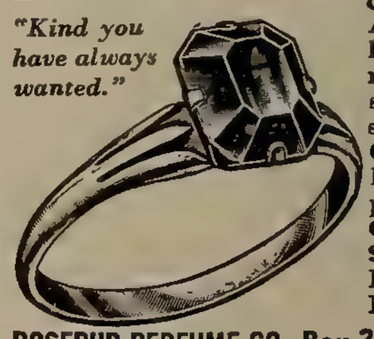

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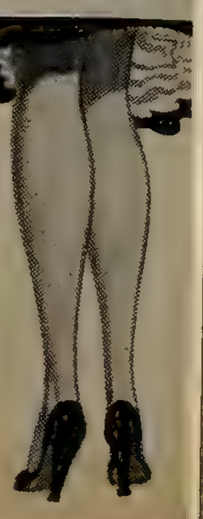

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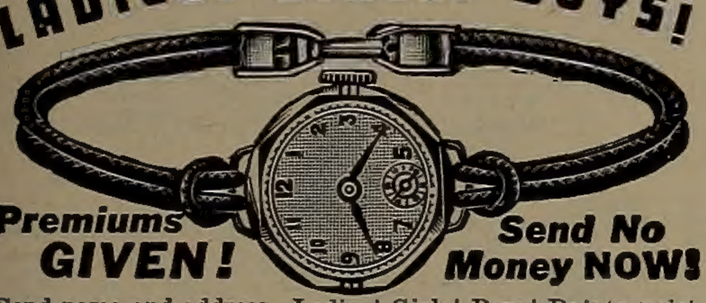

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it was thrilling. Does he speak as good dialogue as he writes?" Over her shoulder I gazed at Anton and he, in turn, looked from me to Don and back again. Without looking, I knew Don had stiffened.

I said carelessly, "Mark and I grew up together in the same town—Elmdale. Went to school together and—"

"—and carried each other's books," Don broke in. "That's something you don't yet know about Warren, isn't it, Kay? She's got more dear old friends scattered around this town than you can shake a stick at. Anton, Mark Douglas—even Rusty here, he's an old dear friend . . ."

The way he said it, it wasn't funny or flattering. It wasn't something you could gracefully ignore. It was ugly, and I saw with a slight shock that Kay Clements felt the ugliness, and registered it. Why did she care? To what use could she possibly put it?

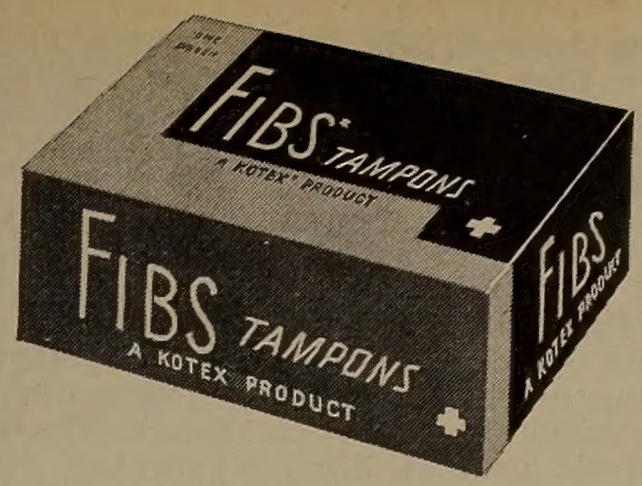
Ugly—that was the way it began to look and sound. Don's tacking Rusty's name to a roster that included Anton and Mark made me realize with abrupt finality that somehow or other, while I'd been looking the other way, the jealousy we used to joke about had passed over into something not at all comical. Something I didn't want to try to joke about. Something dark and rather frightening, that had to be cleared away once and for all. During the next few days I had several assignments on which Rusty was scheduled to come along. Each time his name was mentioned—whenever Don chanced to see us waiting together for the elevator—his lips tightened. I was sure it was unconscious—but it was all the more frightening for that. Anton . . . well, almost any one would wonder a little if a man like Anton chanced to be an old friend of his fiancee's. And Mark—after all, I had been on the brink of marriage to Mark a couple of times, before he'd married Nona. There was a slight amount of justification for Don's caustic attitude toward them. But Rusty! He *knew*, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that Rusty stood in the place of the brother I'd never had! Rusty was a part of my family, almost . . . how dared Don twist our friendship to fit into his own distorted pattern!

The whole thing was distorted. Mulling it over when I was supposed to be working, I came gradually to the conclusion that some new factor had been added to our relationship. Don's cracks about Anton and—less frequently, but in the same vein—about Mark, hadn't magically transformed themselves into the nasty, twisted attitude they now appeared to be without some outside assistance. The more I thought, the more inescapably I was led toward two possible conclusions . . . and they were both so frightening that a blind need for help, for shelter, caused me to reach for the telephone. I had to call Don, talk to him . . . talk it all out.

It had to be that night, of course, that Mary was meeting him at Kay's house for some last-ditch discussion. He sounded geniunely dismayed as he told me. "Gosh, Wendy, I'd give an arm if I could get out of it. But Mary's only in till tomorrow—"

"It's all right. Some other time. Tomorrow, maybe."

"Yes, tomorrow," he said anxiously. "You pick me up after work. Tomorrow night. Take . . ." I suppose he was beginning to say "Take care of yourself," but I had already hung up. Keyed up as I had been, the frustration of not



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being able to talk to him was a little more than I could stand just then. I called Anton quickly, and found to my relief that he, at least, was free. I could talk to him. Maybe it was a heaven-sent frustration, at that—maybe I'd talk myself out to Anton and find I was fighting shadows, and not have to take it up with Don after all.

But Anton was in his sternest fact-facing mood that night. There never was much chance to be dishonest with yourself around him, I reflected bitterly. He took a kind of cold delight in throwing the bright light of his mind on shadows. Sometimes they disappeared. Sometimes, however, they took on concrete form, and stood out and looked you in the eye . . . Two conclusions. No, they weren't shadows by Anton's analysis. He listened, and nodded, and gave them the shape and name I had been dreading.

"Of course that's what it is, Wendy," he told me. "In a few plain words, Don's tendency to make too much of your friendships is suddenly intensified after he meets Mrs. Clements. Why? Well—Mrs. Clements, she is sharp and shrewd enough to perceive this odd streak in him. Perhaps she lightly builds it up, shall we say? A little word here, a little insinuation there. Easily done, by the right kind of person. Or perhaps . . ."

"Perhaps Don has developed such a strong interest in Mrs. Clements that he has begun to feel guilty toward me, and turns on me with these idiotic exaggerations in an effort to convince himself that really I'm the one who's guilty."

Anton regarded me silently, with serious eyes. I see it that way, he seemed to be saying; but it's your battle, Wendy. Either way, I thought, it was going to be a losing battle.

So I suppose it was fortunate that, in the end, I didn't have to fight it. It was the very next day that the news broke about Nona. My secretary gave it to me before I had my hat off in the morning. *Nona Douglas, wife of playwright-novelist Mark Douglas, dies in auto accident on French Riviera.*

I stared at the girl, and then went mechanically on into my office and stood by the desk. I remember thinking resolutely *Of course it's false—this can't have happened to Nona. This can't have happened to Mark.* Then I suppose I went completely blank, for the next thing I was conscious of was the trembling of my hand as I tried to guide a glass of water to my lips. I put the glass down; I didn't want water. I was chilled and trembling, and I felt very much as though I were going to be sick to my stomach in just a minute . . .

Don was there with me. He was sitting on the arm of my chair, holding my shoulders tightly. I pulled away, and then turned toward him again with an instinctive desire to bury my head. "Take it easy, Wendy," he said. "It hit's hard, doesn't it."

"It's not true!" I said flatly.

"It's true. I was on the phone with Seddon in Paris a while ago getting a conference report and he mentioned it too. It's true, all right."

"I'm sorry." I bent for a Kleenex and passed it over my face. "I'm all right now. When it's such an old friend—I've got to get hold of Mark!" I said suddenly. "He's all alone over there. I've got to help."

Don said, reasonably enough, that there wasn't much I could do, three thousand miles away. But I wasn't in a reasonable state of mind. I was fired with the need to get help to Mark, somehow, distance or no distance—fired unreasonably, perhaps, but with absolute certainty that he needed help now as he never had before. I think part of the urgency came from the need I had to suppress all thoughts of Nona. Nona laughing . . . Nona in a red pleated chiffon dress she'd once had, dancing with Mark . . . Nona asking me to be her friend . . . I couldn't risk thinking about all that, not now. I'd be doing more good trying to help Mark . . .

The only trouble was I couldn't reach Mark. I tried in every way that was open to me. The news reports, as they came in, gave no address for him, so I put in calls to the last hotel they'd written me from. I wrote and cabled . . . finally I enlisted Anton, knowing he had even better connections abroad than we had at the paper. We got a brief report of the funeral—Nona's funeral! Nona, *dead!* Then—nothing.

More than ever, now, I was certain that Mark would be in trouble. I wasn't surprised when Anton finally was able to confirm my apprehension. His associate in Paris, through whom he'd been working to contact Mark, had pieced together a frightening story. Mark had been traced to a run-down hotel in a small southern town, under an assumed name, and gave every evidence of planning to do something . . . well, not normal.

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"What does he mean—not normal? Suicide?" My voice was shrill with tension. "Disappear? Run away? Didn't he *say?*"

But no—he hadn't said. Apparently that was all there was to say. Mark, tragically bereaved, hidden away in a strange land, among strangers. I knew Mark, possibly a little better than he knew himself. I knew quite a lot about the despondency of which he was capable, the profound bitterness of soul that lay waiting beneath the surface of his personality . . .

It seemed quite reasonable to ask Don for a leave of absence. "I want to get to Mark before it's too late," I explained. I was over my first shaken horror, now. With my own instinct and the information Anton had collected, I knew that the more important business at hand was to reach Mark somehow, before he succeeded in whatever dreadful plan he had in mind. So when I spoke to Don, it was as one reasonable person to another. I was altogether unprepared for his flat refusal.

"Leave of absence? You're crazy, Wendy. Now, with the paper in this chaotic state, you—"

"Well, all right, let me do some work over there! I'll get hold of that French movie star, the one with scandal, what's her name—and I can do a couple of fashion reports for you. We can use my time over there somehow . . ."

Don said, as if the words hurt, "Douglas still means that much to you, doesn't he."

I still didn't understand. "How would would you feel if your oldest friend lost his wife and stood in danger of—maybe losing his mind, or worse? And you couldn't help?"

"I haven't any old friends like that." Don stood up. "How would you feel if I said I loved you and then rushed off to be with an old girl friend who happened to be having a spot of trouble?"

All at once I couldn't look at Don any more. His face—his face was unpleasant to me, like that of a stranger I didn't understand and didn't like. I walked away and stood looking down from the window.

"There's only one way I can answer that," I said finally. "If you were a decent, whole human being you couldn't ask it. You'd know the answer. But you—there's nothing in your world except the great Don Smith and those who are willing to revolve around him."

"I'm human all right." Don's face flushed darkly, and he bit his lip. "So human I can't stand the thought of you running over the ocean to some guy who apparently means more to you than any guy ought to except the one you're going to marry."

"That's your picture. I'm going over to help—possibly to save the life of one of the oldest, best friends I've ever had. Can you conceive that it wouldn't matter if it were a man or a woman?"

"No," Don said. "I can't." He came around the desk, but he didn't touch me. His voice was low and deeply troubled. "Wendy. Don't go. I—just don't go. Not now."

I moved away. "I have to, Don. I'll go with or without your okay."

"Oh, you can have that. As far as the paper is concerned, you can stay away a year. You've earned it." He went back to the desk and swept its clutter aside roughly. "But where does that leave us?" He didn't look at me now either. Where does that leave us? The question hung in the air and fluttered gently, sadly down to the floor.

It seemed safer not to make any answer. I shrugged, and put my hand on the doorknob. Don said tensely, "Wendy, it's only fair to tell you—if you go, I'll be seeing a good deal of Kay."

"Please do," I answered. "I'm going to be terribly busy myself from now on." I went out quietly and closed the door behind me.

I didn't have any feelings of an organized kind. I suppose I'd been having them all along, really—feelings about Don's irrational jealousy, speculations about his selfishness, about Kay and what might be building up between them . . . It was rather unfair that I didn't have a ring to take off and fling at his feet. If it had been anything else we quarreled about this final time, anything less important, I might have gone back. But a self-centeredness that could reduce this tragedy of Mark's to a matter of personal spite—that was too much for me.

As I left the building and went toward the restaurant where Anton was meeting me, I thought almost with bitter amusement that now Kay *did* have everything—her money, her career, her strong personality, her looks, her minks and jewels and clothes . . . and Don. Everything. But even as I thought it, I knew that if anyone had asked me if she had anything I really wanted, I would have answered regretfully, but honestly, "No, I don't think so—I don't think she's gotten herself anything I really want."

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